

UNITY.

FREEDOM, + FELLOWSHIP + AND + CHARACTER + IN + RELIGION.

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WHAT IS LIFE ?

What is't to live ?

To be called great ?

To have a name ?

To gain much gold ?

Or hold the reins of State ?

Is it to reign

In sheltered bower ?

To gain sweet praise ?

And lays of love ?

To have a beauty's power ?

Nay! 'tis to know

A true friend's worth :

To grow more free :

To see above the earth,

Not stars alone and deep immensity,

But truth and love.

EDWIN G. BROWN.

WEST LAS ANIMAS, Colorado.

MR. SAVAGE'S last published sermon, "How to Grow Old", is a timely one at any time. The greatest achievement in life is to attain to a beautiful old age, and it takes the deliberate labor, the high self-control, of some seventy-five years to accomplish it.

THE *Church Press* has some personal queries as to what is due to the rector, most of which are applicable to any minister. Condensed into a little less ecclesiastical phrase: Is it not due your minister to tell him why you give up your pew, why you take your children from Sunday-school, to send for him when you want him, to tell him who you are if he does not know you, to support in some regular way his work if you are benefited by his ministrations,—in short, to consider him as a man and treat him as such?

THIS is worth reprinting : "The Rev. Dr. George Jeffrey, of Glasgow, Scotland, has preached more than forty-six years to the same congregation. To one of his former parishioners, now a New York merchant, Dr. Jeffrey explained the secret of his being able to interest the same audience so long. 'I read every new book that has a bearing upon my special work', he said, 'and make extracts from it and index them, so that at any moment I can find them when wanted. In this way I keep myself from moving in a rut. I work as hard as I used to at twenty, and I keep so far ahead with my sermons that there are always ten or fifteen lying in my drawer ready to receive the results of my last readings. I call them "sleeping sermons", but it is they that sleep and not the people who hear them.'"

"No excellence without labor",—a familiar apothegm ! Hard work comes in everywhere, if one shall succeed. It is the price the universe demands of every soul that shall pierce to its hidden center, discover the heart of things, and know what is real joy and rest. Hard work ! yes, it presses on us deeply ; it wears our lives out ; it weighs us frequently down, nigh to the depths of despair. But no one ever yet sharpened a lead-pencil to a perfect, symmetrical, usable point, *doing it well*, that he did not, however unconsciously, by so much *lay hold of God*, and know something of the deep peace of God. Does not that repay him for his weariness ? It should ! J. H. W.

THEY who think that there is more darkness than light in the world, more bad than good, would do well to try to remember that it is sunrise somewhere all the time, that there is never a moment but that the "pure gold boils o'er the cloud-cup brim" for some soul. Every hour in every day hears the reverberation of the sunrise gun on some parapet, which relieves some weary sentinel from his duty. Every moment of every day brings the cheering radiance of a rising sun to some sick-bed, and there is never a sunset gloom and dreaded chill of darkness but that literally gives somewhere the fresh light that secures safety to the hunted soul, and shows the bewildered traveler on sea or land where he is and which way to go.

WE are one week late in joining with the editor of our LITTLE UNITY department in asking the attention and interest of our readers to that department, which henceforth is to receive more respect at our hands. Our crowded columns have frequently encroached upon it ; hereafter we will always try to allow it the full page which it deserves, and we hope it will prove worthy of the attention not only of our readers but also of those of our contributors who know how to put home wisdom into short metre. Any contributions to this department may be sent to this office, addressed to Mrs. E. T. Leonard, who will continue in charge of the department which she has faithfully conducted since the establishment of LITTLE UNITY as a separate publication on the 1st of April, 1881.

THE American Board of Missions recently celebrated its seventy-fifth anniversary at Boston. There were great speeches, great rejoicings over a truly great work accomplished. There were many things said from which a Unitarian must dissent, much work indicated with which UNITY readers cannot have great sympathy ; but after all allowances are made, we cordially greet this great missionary body as the most industrious, effective and self-sacrificing ethical culture society in the world. What with its con-

stituency of one hundred millions of people, its seminaries and its training schools of every kind in every corner of the globe, it is doing an incalculable work towards the humanizing, rationalizing and sanctifying the crude and coarse forces in humanity.

A CORRESPONDENT writes us: "The supreme need of the soul is to become that which it worships and reveres. Any attribute ascribed to God in our highest conception is a quality which the soul needs. The one supreme point of religion is this: The soul is to *become* what it worships. Who can sound the depth of this conception? The great hope, assurance, faith, is to be that man will move toward, and become that which he cannot name. As there is a correlation of what might be named material forces, so, too, in this higher plane there is a correlation of the human and divine, of man and God. In this conception man becomes God, and Jesus was right when he said 'I and my Father are one.' The time is coming when it will be seen that God and man are not two cast-iron individuals and that their most intimate relation is not represented by juxtaposition, but that soul is everywhere fluid, fluent like light, beauty, life,—is ever flowing".

A BOSTON paper, in its report of the ordination of a minister over a Free Baptist church in that city, speaks thus of a pleasant and unique episode in the exercises: "Turning from the pastor to the pastor's wife, who rose by his side, the speaker said that it was not customary to deliver a charge to the pastor's wife, but that it was in the power of a pastor's wife to secure the success or cause the ruin and failure of her husband's work. Mention was made of the wives of several well-known ministers who had contributed much to their husbands' usefulness, and the hope was expressed that this pastor's wife would emulate the example of her noble sisters." We wonder if it would not be well always to recognize the pastor's wife at his installation. Be that as it may, we are sure that there is no more ungrudging, unresting, unappreciated and unrewarded work rendered to modern society than that which is offered by ministers' wives.

THE WILL AS A MEASURE OF SPIRITUALITY.

Perhaps the highest test of spirituality in man is the power of resistance, that strength which, spite of all the subtleties of metaphysics, is a force that meets force and sometimes at least triumphs and in that triumph wins the right to stand erect and say "I am a soul, a living spirit, matter-housed, matter-served, but not matter-ridden". Then the passions that link us to matter become roots to nourish the spiritual tree. The spirit strikes its sensuous roots into the body and, as Emerson says, "ensouls it all". Given, thought, love, conscience, without will to convert them into conduct, translate them into deeds,—we fall short of spiritual power. Indeed, no high thought is ever attained without tremendous will back of it, spurring the intellect on, holding it year by year to its heav-

only quest. The same is true of love. It takes a strong will even to woo and win a worthy bride. How much stronger to keep the home life up to the honeymoon standards,—spite of doubts and discouragements, to persist in seeking beauty in things ugly, to compel the world to yield spiritual sunshine however clouds may curtain it! The will must also be the inseparable servant of duty. The man that has done anything by clear grit has taken steps towards making himself a saint. Radiant is the road to heaven upon which the doing soul travels. Sublime as is the spirituality of Fenelon and Channing, a stronger spirituality probably was that of John Howard or Florence Nightingale. Plain, prosaic George Washington represents a spiritual force greater than any poet or preacher of his time, because for seven hard years he wrestled with unrelenting circumstances. Wanting the help of an enthusiastic temperament, at times without the sustaining power of a great faith even, obedient only to the dry, hard light of duty, his purposes never weakened and his energies never bated. Not the praying Stonewall Jackson on the one side, nor the zealous Christian Howard on the other, represents the finest spiritual force in our late war, but blunt, rustic, and at times terrific, Mother Bickerdyke, who, with arms akimbo, defied generals and with her flaming bandana round her head, the skirts of her broadly-striped gingham dress tucked under her apron strings, with no honor, pay or authority back or before her, rose superior to red tape, disease, and death itself, vanquished them all for love and duty's sake. It was a splendid manifestation of the power of mind over matter to see her make the lame walk, the dying live, almost by the power of her word, quite by the power of her presence. Let those who would be spiritually minded cultivate will power, then.

SULPHUR AND SYMPATHY.

A friend of UNITY who objects to the statement that all denominations are working in the same or on parallel lines, calls attention to these extracts from the *Gospel Herald* of 1885, published simultaneously in Glasgow, Toronto and New York, and reaching far enough west to be distributed through the trains going in and out of Chicago:

THE SINNER'S BURIAL.

"Wrapt in a Christless shroud,
He sleeps the Christless sleep;
Above him the eternal cloud,
Beneath the fiery deep.

"Laid in a Christless tomb,
There bound with felon chain,
He wails the terrors of his doom,
The judgment and the pain.

* * * * *

"If unsaved, there is no reason why you should remain in that condition one moment longer. God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, desire to save you. On account of what the Lord Jesus has done and suffered, you are now welcome to receive as a gift from the outstretched hand of the Lord Jesus a pardon for all your numberless transgressions. * * * What will it do for you? Bear you on and upward to the eternal glory that awaits the redeemed? or down,

sadly down, to the lake of fire, with its intensity of misery and gloomy despair? * * *

Shall the gates of hell be closed upon thee forever? Trifle not! Linger not! If thou diest unsaved, unpardoned, hell is thy portion FOREVER AND FOREVER.

Let it not be; but now, as a lost and guilty sinner, believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. He will welcome you. He will pardon and forgive. * * *

"He may not be a religious man or even a worldly man; he may belong to no Good Templar lodge or temperance society; he may be a drunkard, swearer, wife beater, and everything bad, but if he will believe in Christ that is enough; all God seeks from the sinner for salvation. Christ has died for sinners; and God declares whosoever will may come."

We are glad to make room for these terrific quotations, believing that they will serve the purpose suggested by our correspondent, namely, persuading some Unitarian that there is work for him yet to do in the world, and that there may be better uses for his money than to pay it for the support of such teachings or even of churches that do not resent and counteract such teachings. But, dear correspondent, there is a kindliness in the eye of him who distributes these tracts, a tender solicitude in his heart for the recipient, a passion to help souls, which is quite akin to the purposes that inspire you. Methods differ, aye, seriously conflict, but the only way to correct methods efficiently is first to recognize the identity of spirit. When we frankly acknowledge a brotherhood with the Catholic priest and the Calvinistic dogmatist we are then, and not till then, in a condition to do something to vivify the *forms* of the one and to modify or ameliorate the *formulas* of the other.

ORTHODOX NEGATIONS AND UNITARIAN AFFIRMATIONS.

This is a new title, but it contains, nevertheless, an old truth. Let us to the proof.

ORTHODOX NEGATIONS.

1. The Orthodox say, God is Trinity, *but in essence no more.*

2. The Bible is inspired, *but no other book.*

3. Jesus is divine *but no other man.*

4. Atonement is through Jesus, *but through none other.*

5. Christianity is a supernatural religion, *but no other.*

UNITARIAN AFFIRMATIONS.

The Unitarian says, God is Unity *and all else that goes to make up perfection of Being.*

The truth in the Bible *and all truth is from God, and so inspired.*

Jesus in the beauty of his life manifests the divine holiness—*and all other men to the full measure of their holiness do the same.*

Atonement is through Jesus *and by means of all lives that by their purity make us at one with righteousness and true holiness.*

Christianity *and all religions are natural—the outgrowth of human heart and mind.*

6. Prayer is acceptable in the name of Christ, *but in no other name.*

7. Good works are of worth in the sight of God, if one believes in Jesus, *not otherwise.*

8. Sunday is the Lord's day, *but no other day is, in the same sense.*

9. The church is a divine institution, *but no other is.*

The sincere longings of the human heart are in the name of Christ acceptable, *and all earnest and true longings coming from all hearts are also acceptable.*

All good works, springing from pure motives, are acceptable in the sight of God.

The Sunday is God's day, *and all other days are too—all to be used to honor God by our endeavors to do right and build up his kingdom on earth.*

The church, so far as it is helpful, is a divine institution, *and also all other institutions that help in better living.*

Thus it is, and thus at the root of the matter, it has always been. How like a picture closed on all sides is the one. But how like a picture opening into the infinite is the other. A. W.

Contributed Articles.

DEAD GRIEF.

To lose! What is it to lose?
If Fortune choose
We keep not gold or what gold buys,
What then? The prize
Our weak hand drops
Falls to some other hand,
Nor fails nor stops,
But ranges through the land,
Full-missioned still. Even in bitterer loss,
If child or lover lay
Her dear life down, our painful cross
But only lifts
The precious one into the far blue rifts,
To bless new paths straightway,
And other hearts somewhere, who gain
By our dear pain.

But when love's path,
Entered with pure belief, down rolls
Into foul pits, where seems a devil's wrath
To float and gloat in mire that sucks down souls,
Oh! this is woe, is woe—
When heart hath bled
For love's love fled,
For faith's pure blessedness, by slow
Wounds mangled, then by one stab killed!
This woe her spirit filled
When she looked on his face
Where e'en the ennobling change
And holy, mystical grace
Of death, had failed its strange,
Sweet majesty to write,
Or fill the features with its sculptured light.
The amen is said,
The service read;

The bearers, with strong hands,
 Gather around the dead;
 But cold as clay she stands:—
 Oh! could she e'er recall, could she recall
 But one white stole of love over his crimes to fall!
 And he is dead:
 Without a moan or cry
 She sees him dead.
 But horror in her eye
 Lies coiled. Her burning lids supply
 No tears, but writhing woes appall,
 As in dry cisterns nesting reptiles crawl.

With gentle sympathy, heart-sore,
 Neighbors besought her, awed, still more
 Wondering. "For what", they said, "hath she
 To mourn? She is now loosed and free
 From all yon cruel flesh of infamy."
 Then answered she: "For your good sympathy,
 Take thanks. Your words are true, that I am free.
 But woe! when death gives welcome liberty!

"If death, clad in white memories, with surcease
 Baptize the babe or child,
 Or with enforced peace
 Still love's heart wild,
 Or take the aged good,—'tis not unblest!
 Feeling still thrills the place
 Where lay and pressed
 The baby mouth and face;
 Dear filial duties live
 In holy memory;
 Love's precious secrets give
 Hope's immortality,
 And parting age bequeaths benignity.
 Such loss makes kindly grief;
 Kind face beyond belief
 Grief hath, and its own light,
 Which is an essence bright.

"But my grief, hopeless, sad,
 Is this: I have no grief,—
 A woe, unnatural, bad,
 Unholy; and past kind relief.
 Go, friends, the rite is done;
 And it is nothing. See—
 I laugh, could play, could run,
 For my new liberty,
 But wait I one rite more;
 A funeral drear
 Where I alone before
 A blacker bier
 Fall down—death's unawaking bed
 Whereon the body of my grief lies dead."

The neighbors, one by one,
 Stole awed away:
 The bearers soon had gone
 With the dead to the open day.
 She followed not; but more
 Stood fixed, there seeing, in the dread,
 Dire spot wherein before
 Death's narrow couch was spread,
 Another bier where Grief lay dead.

CHICAGO.

JAMES VILA, BLAKE.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN MINNEAPOLIS.

Last week has been quite a festival week for Minneapolis. The women's suffrage association has held its meetings here in the beautiful church of the Universalists, and the whole affair proved to be a success. There were so many earnest and excellent speeches made by excellent ladies that it was a delight to listen to them, whether you agreed or not. As all the papers have been filled with reports, I will not bore you with any repetition; I will only send you that five minutes' speech I delivered at the occasion, after request:

In the old country they have a story—I do not know whether you have it here or not—about a woman who was so cross and stubborn that the husband did not know what to do with her. If he said yes, she would always say no. One Sunday they walked out on their fields, and the husband said: "I think we have to cut this rye to-morrow." "We will have to clip it", said the wife. "What do you say?—clip it? Have you lost your senses, woman? Have you seen anybody clip a field?" "That is just the same, I say; we will clip it." So they quarreled about that till they came to the bridge over the river. "It would be a nice work to clip a field with a pair of scissors", said the man. "Shall we not at all be allowed to cut it?" "No; clip, clip, clip!" cried the woman, who jumped and clipped with her fingers under the nose of her husband; but in her eagerness she did not take care, stumbled over a piece of timber and fell into the water. "Now we will try if she will not bend", thought the husband, running down to the shore and catching hold of her hair. He held her hair just above the surface of the water and asked: "Shall we not cut the field to-morrow?" "No: clip, clip!" cried the woman. "Well, I will teach you to clip", he said, and gave her a real dive. "Now, shall we clip now?" he said, lifting her up again. "Yes; clip, clip!" she screamed. Under again, and this time he kept her there a good while. But suddenly he sees two fingers above the surface of the river making clip, clip to him. Then she became so heavy that he dropped her, and she was drowned. Two days after they searched for the body down the river, but could not find it anywhere. At last the man said: "I wonder if we have not to seek up the river instead of down; she was always oppositional!" And that proved to be right. There she lay. She had floated herself upwards against the stream.

Every time I see a woman's suffrage meeting announced it reminds me of this story. Not that I will say that all women suffragists are cross—how could I do that when I look into the sweet, kind face of Mrs. Stone Blackwell—but they have a great deal of the persistency of the woman of the story, and they ought to have it. The men have through centuries tried to *cut* the women off from all public duties and from the polls, and so the women are pressed to *clip* themselves an entrance through the separating curtain. One part says *cut*, the other says *clip*; that is the old fight.

The husband of the older times felt quite safe. The wife had all the household troubles and bore

him children, and had no interests outside of the house and no rights. All things went on so smoothly and nicely. She was content with being cut off from public duties and from earned salaries; she was a comfortable servant girl. Then those women-suffragists came and made disturbance in the house. She suddenly commenced to say "Clip" when her husband meant "Cut", and she began to clip herself way through all hindrances.

It affords a great deal of persistency to go on as these ladies here present have done. To keep meeting on meeting, traveling round the country giving the same informations, the same arguments, receiving the same ridicule year after year and not to get tired, to raise the eternal cry "Clip! clip!" and not grow hoarse—that affords a great deal of energy and patience and enthusiasm for their idea which should wake at least the admiration of their opposers. The women leaders of this movement have walked with the men over all the fields of labor and discussed the matters with them. The majority of men have said, and say still, "We will cut, cut you off from all direct public influence." The women have said, "Clip! we will clip us into it." Then the men have tried to make a laughing-stock out of them; they have heaped ridicule over them, they have held them down into the icy waters of contempt, and sneer and asked them gently, holding them by their hair, "Will you now cut?" But they have answered "Clip, clip!" and if the men may succeed in bringing some of the weaker ones to silence, it is a pretty hard thing to bring a woman to silence, though. I am sure you will see the fingers of Mrs. Lucy Stone and Mrs. Howe and Mrs. Stanton, and all the other well-known names, above the waters, and say "Clip, clip!" to the astonished world. Yes; even when these noble ladies have left us, their work will not be dead, it will float itself against the river and preach opposition as long, till it has stirred up their lazy sisters to say "Clip" and to try to clip. And when the time comes that the men at last say: "Well, then, clip on", then, I think, all of them will not clip any longer; they will cut, like the man. They will share with him his work, his troubles and his rights, and there will be the sweetest agreement between the two. But if men really wish to make women cross and unreasonably oppositional, then the best way is to bereave them of their lawful rights. Give them their voting rights, as all other rights, and they will cut the field with the man. I will then wish the suffrage movement all success, because it is just and fair, and hope that the courage will not fail the ladies if they still a long time will have to float themselves against the stream of old prejudices, but that they will pursue their "Clip, clip!" until it sounds like a war-cry, and the man at last will be worried out and say, "For God's sake let her clip!"

KRISTOFER JANSON.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minnesota.

Nothing is more wretched than a man who seeks by conjecture what is in the minds of his neighbors, without preceiving that it is sufficient to attend to the god within himself, and to reverence it sincerely.—
Marcus Aurelius.

VIS LABORIS.

We name the boon vouchsafed to man
Long ago by the Eden plan,
In the birth-year of the race,
To last out the last year's grace—
To toil, to "sweat for bread"—a curse!
Ah! the school-men tripped in the verse,
Gold enmeshed the fateful word,
Out-flashing the wondrous flaming sword.

"Why?" you ask; "because it steals
Thought of loss from a brain that reels?
Because it merges in lowliest things
The soul that would soar on angel wings,
Had it only wings?—or tinsel prize
Allures in place of gold of the skies?"
O blind! it shaped the magic key
To unlock our royal destiny;
Who chooses toil and, loving, toils,
Has his conquered soul for his shining spoils;
Claim a niche for the complete man,
Here's king, with no peer in the universe-plan.

ABBIE M. GANNETT.

MALDEN, Massachusetts.

ST. LOUIS POST-OFFICE MISSION WORK.

CONDUCTED BY MRS. L. B. FISH.

More than half of the two hundred whose names are upon our list have acknowledged receipt of reading matter. With but four exceptions all is gratefully received, the same cheering words come from one and another, until in making selections one scarce knows how to select, for the whole letter in many cases is full of interest.

Such words as these come to us from different points in Kansas: "This is an orthodox community. I am interested in the Methodist Episcopal Sunday-school, that being the only one here. I need and desire such information as will enable me to liberalize the religious ideas of those whom I meet."

Then this from a young man but 18 years of age: "I have not made up my mind in religious matters; send, please, whatever you think will be helpful."

From another point a gentleman writes: "I have distributed the papers and tracts where I felt they would do the most good. There is quite a liberal spirit pervading the so-called orthodox churches throughout the West, and the time seems auspicious for the circulation of liberal literature."

An interested reader in Missouri writes: "I have to be away from home several months, but as several friends are interested in what has been sent and new ideas have been promulgated thereby, I will arrange for the distribution of anything that may be sent while I am away."

A lady in Missouri says: "I have received papers and read them with much interest, they being new and impressive to me, and with gratitude I tender my sincere thanks."

From still another town a friend says: "The selections of the great Unitarian gospel which you have been so kind as to send have been a great relief

to our minds. Our neighbors welcome them. I think there is only one thing lacking, and that is, a few ministers to give this liberal doctrine force. It certainly would tell mightily in the West."

An "Elder" says: "I have lost my hold on the *old* theology, and was casting about for something more to my taste. This is the first Unitarian reading I have ever studied, and I believe it will suit me."

One of our most interesting letters comes from a student in Drury College, Springfield, Mo.: "Until I read your tracts I knew not there was a church of Christ which had wandered out of the darkness of nineteen centuries and begun a second reformation. Continue your good work, for the masses are largely dissatisfied with the old churches and await only a sign for revolt; they cry for light. . . . I shall teach during the year and my opportunity for distributing will be good." Another young person who has heard "the Trinity question discussed by able men", only to be all the more mystified, says: "The mist has been removed beyond a doubt by one of the pamphlets you have sent."

From a town not far away this word comes: "All sermons and tracts are carefully read; though the doctrine is entirely new, I think them the embodiment of perfect scripture." To another our belief seems "the most reasonable of anything that is advocated to-day in the name of religion"

One who speaks of himself as "a searcher after truth" writes: "I have attended different churches but was not satisfied. I could not believe God was triune. I did not know there were others that thought the same until I received the reading matter from you. Accept my thanks for what you have done for me."

Yet another says: "I am much interested in Channing's sermon. I have read it many times. I have never been able to find any belief that I could subscribe to. I have never doubted the existence of a God, but the Trinity have never been able to swallow."

Another says: "I like all, but think the *Christian Register* can't be beat. Send me ten copies of both *UNITY* and *Register* and tracts and I will distribute."

From our neighboring state of Arkansas we have encouraging words. One gentleman says: "I had not known anything about Unitarian religion until we read your papers. Would be glad to learn more of the particulars of belief, church government, etc." Another says, referring to the tracts and sermons: "They are causing a new train of ideas, and I think will be productive of good." Another feels that such reading matter as we are sending "is needed in every intelligent community".

Illinois is our eastern limit. A mother writes of her family, adding: "We were Presbyterians in Ireland. I like liberal Christianity." The children growing up in this home with limited means send thanks for what we are able to send to them.

Another lady says: "I was raised a Methodist, but am not in accord with their doctrine. From what little I know of Unitarianism think I can accept it. My faith is embodied in the following lines:

"For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight,
He can't be wrong whose life is in the right."

Another says: "I do not know how to express my thanks sufficiently. It was just the thing I was hungering and thirsting for, liberal, rational, common-sense, intelligent religion."

A friend in Nebraska writes: "The truth is, I answered your advertisement more from curiosity than from any real interest; but I have been much interested, especially in the writings of Rev. J. F. Clarke. I am not a member of any church, but think Unitarianism very nearly represents my faith."

An elderly man in the same state says: "Accept my sincere thanks for papers and tracts; they bring a new doctrine to me. I have been a close observer of men and their creeds, and I must believe in the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man."

A young lady in Michigan closes an interesting letter with: "May God bless you and your society in your noble mission, which must be really efficacious in spreading the true religion of God."

A BIRD AND A THOUGHT.

People say that "one bird in the hand is better than two in the bush". There is certainly some truth, a great deal of truth, in this saying. Yet people forget that there is always a *statuesque* as well as a *picturesque* view of a thing. They form their proverbs generally by *rough* estimates. That which when looked at from *one* particular point of view is a very sensible proverb, becomes simply absurd when we come to examine it all around. Then we might say that one bird in the hand is *worse* even than *one* bird in the bush. A bird in the hand (literally speaking) is hardly a bird at all. The imprisonment robs the bird of its best faculties. There is no freedom, no vivacity, no soaring in the wide realms, no melody, no poetry for and in the engaged bird. The canary bird does not afford us the pleasure of his sweet songs; the dove even, meek and humble as it is, feels its oppression, becomes timid and suspicious, and the little butterfly drops off its artistically beautiful robe as soon as we lay hold of it. True, the people have the *practical* side of the question in their proverb, and my suggestions have a bearing (if any at all) only on the *poetical*; or, if you will, visionary side. But then there are, thank God, simple men enough in the world, and always have been, who think that the *poetry* of a thing is the *soul* of that thing,—really the thing itself.

And the same is true of thought. The *real* thought exists only in its first stages, when it roams indefinitely in infinite space. But as we grasp it, take hold of it, as it were, it may and does gain in forcibility and practicability, but it loses its *poetry*. It loses *itself*, in fact. It is no longer a thought, it becomes a *theory*, an *idea*, until at last it metamorphoses into a steam engine, rushing along and crushing everything in its way. But the poetry, the gentleness, the indefinable something which constitutes a thought, is not there. The infinite becomes finite; the mental, manual; mind becomes matter, God becomes—man! The thought of the lightning is not the lightning; thought, the thought of the soul, is not the soul; thought, the thought of God, is not the God-thought that dwell-

eth within us. That has no definition, needs no definition, that cannot become flesh and dwell among us!

Accordingly, our thoughts are always more *our* thoughts; and our *thoughts*, the *less* shape and form they assume, the simpler clothed, the less elaborate they are. They are better when they are just afloat, and we put them down or express them just as they are, without special ornaments, abrupt, incoherent even, but true to their nature, and true to our own nature. That is the main reason why an extemporary speaker will always (other things being equal) make a better, deeper impression upon his hearers than the one who reads from a manuscript, although the former may not offer his audience such polished sentences and as exquisite a language as the latter does.

RUDOLF WEYLER.

CAMBRIDGE, Massachusetts.

PLATO.—VII.

ETHICS.

The conception of the soul as partaking in the idea, and as immortal, is the basis of Plato's ethics. The life of the soul is one life; it is, by reason of the very nature of the soul as an original, inseparable harmony, the union of the individual with himself and others, not only in the present, but in the future life also. It is the life of justice, with the necessary accompaniment, happiness; and the state, therefore, in which alone the individual soul is furnished with the conditions necessary to the realization of harmony with itself and other souls in this present temporal existence, is but an instrument of the ideal, immortal life, the life of the good.¹

Before entering upon the construction of a positive theory of justice and the state, Plato thinks it necessary, as he had done in the case of the theory of knowledge, to examine and set aside the prevalent sophistic theories, namely, that justice was synonymous with the will or pleasure of the strongest. This is, of course, that theory of virtue which, as we have seen, Socrates disposed of by saying that virtue is not individual whim or pleasure, but knowledge. Plato does not wholly accept the Socratic doctrine; for, as we saw when discussing his dialectic, the good is not abstract knowledge or mind, on the one hand, nor abstract pleasure on the other, but the union of the two (the harmony of the one and the many), mind of course being the superior or governing factor in the union. This is the fundamental principle; of its detailed application to the theories of the sophists we have not room here to speak.²

It is characteristic of Plato's method of developing his thought, that in his search for justice and virtue he does not begin with a formal principle, as for example the abstract nature of the individual or of the state, and deduce with mathematical rigidity a certain result, as if the first principle and its consequences were separate existences, or rather were not *reciprocally* determining and determined. He begins with what seems the most intelligible and likely

to yield results, and glances back and forth from the starting-point to the goal of his investigation. That is to say, he begins with the state as being the individual "written larger and on a larger scale,"¹ and having tentatively constructed that, he passes to the individual and then back to the state, and so on. Considering the fact that in Plato's time the science of private or individual virtue was not yet differentiated from the science of public or political virtue, such a method seems natural enough; and, indeed, there is no question that it is a safeguard against that false abstraction and perversion of the substance of truth which too often arises from rigidly formal and over-scientific method in exposition. Plato is forever solicitous about the totality, the life of things, and we shall not go astray if we follow, as closely as we can, in his footsteps at this point.

Historically speaking, the state, Plato agrees with the sensationists in holding, arises out of natural necessity. Physical need, self-interest led to division of labor and to association for mutual benefit. But the state is not merely an association for the supply of natural wants, the realization of the individual nature; and the government, or central point in the state, is not merely a police force to prevent the fatal clashing of individual interests. The state is an organic whole, a vital totality whose essence lies in its being an instrument and a manifestation of the idea. Its members consciously coöperate in the realization, as far as may be, of the absolute notion of the whole. Not that the idea of the state is some finite secondary conception that each individual is to get formal possession of and act out in a formal manner; but that the idea of the state is the divine idea, the reflection of the divine nature possessed potentially by each of its members, who are immortal souls and have the recollection of "true being" to restore them to their true estate.

The members of the state are divided into three classes, in accordance with the inner, outer and central relations of the state: the husbandmen, who supply the natural needs of the state; the fighters, or military class, who defend the state or make the conquests for the enlargement of territory; and the rulers, or counselors, who determine the plans by which the state subsists as an instrument of the idea, the embodiment of justice. The two last-named classes Plato designates as the guardians of the state. Each of the three classes has its appropriate virtue. The especial virtue of the husbandmen is moderation, that of the fighters is courage, that of the rulers, wisdom. The guardians of the state, *i. e.*, the counselors, and their auxiliaries, the fighters, require a careful and prolonged training to fit them for their positions. They are to be tried "more thoroughly than gold is tried in the fire". They are not only to be given that education in music, gymnastic, and the sciences which we have already described as the preparation for philosophy, but they are to be tried with tests of memory, with "toils and pains and conflicts", and with "enchantments and terrors". If they "retain, under all circumstances, a rhythmical and harmonious nature, such as will be most serviceable to

1. Republic, 611, 612.

2. See the Protagoras, Gorgias, and especially the first book of the Republic.

1. Republic, 368.

the man himself and to the state", they are worthy to become guardians of the state.¹ They are to have no property beyond what is absolutely necessary, to have no private houses, to receive only a living salary, to have common meals and to live together.

Such are the parts of the state, and the virtues of each part. But where is justice? To answer this question we must, by the "method of residues", carefully eliminate the known virtues one after another, until we arrive at justice. First there is wisdom, the virtue of the guardians in the highest sense, which is knowledge that advises, "not about any particular thing in the state [*e. g.*, carpentering, brazen implements, agriculture], but about the whole state, and considers what may be regarded as the best policy, both internal and external."² Next there is courage, the virtue of the auxiliaries, which is "the preservation in the soldiers of the opinion which the law ordains about the true nature of dangers". Temperance, the virtue of the husbandmen, is best described as the "natural harmony of master and slaves both in states and individuals, in which the subjects are as willing to obey as the governors are to rule."³ Now justice, also, would appear to be a harmony, and is not with perfect ease to be distinguished from temperance. It is, however, that harmony whereby each individual does his own business and is not a busy-body, and each class in the state preserves its own sphere. Justice is the all-pervading spirit of harmony, the union of the one and the many, of whole and part, in the state.

According, now, to the method proposed at the beginning, we are to apply what has been found to be true of the state to the individual. The individual, then, has in him the three principles of wisdom, courage and temperance, corresponding to the parts of the soul, and those principles in the state correspond to the parts of the state. Wisdom corresponds to reason, courage to spirit or passion, and temperance to appetite. The individual, therefore, "whose several principles do their own work will be just, and will do his own work." The quality that makes a state a state, makes a man a man. The man who wishes to be just as a citizen has simply to be just as a man; the individual is a potential universal. As a corollary to all this it appears that the sophistic affirmation that justice is simply the advantage of the mere individual is, consequently, ridiculous and not worth further consideration.

B. C. BURT.

MICHIGAN.⁴

For the fifth volume of the series of American commonwealths Judge Thomas M. Cooley has written an excellent history of the state of Michigan from the period of its first attempted settlement by the French down to the present decade of the Republic. Changes of sovereign and subordinate jurisdiction have been greater in Michigan than almost anywhere else throughout the Union; three great nations have

held sway over its soil, and under the last it has formed a part of three territories before entering the family of states.

The colonial period is very entertaining not to say instructive reading, made exciting as a romance by the wars of French and English, the conspiracy of Pontiac, and finally by the conquest of John Rogers Clarke, which secured the establishment of the boundaries of the United States on the inland seas and the Mississippi.

Then follows the period of the war of 1812, with its humiliations closely connected with Michigan. No part of the story is better than those chapters which tell of the early development of the great commonwealths of the two peninsulas, when she threw off as outgrown the territorial form of government and began business, so to speak, for herself.

Finally, Judge Cooley gives his readers a most useful chapter on the school system of the State, which has culminated in a university able to bear comparison with any in the country and which cannot be too highly praised. The style of the author is clear and comprehensive, and the book is fully equal to its four predecessors, and only whets the desire for the speedy appearance of successive volumes.

W. E. F.

MINOR BOOK NOTICES.

The Coming Creed of the World. Is there not a Faith More Sublime and Blissful than Christianity? By Frederick Gerhard. W. H. Thompson, Philadelphia.

This book, by a man eighty years of age, is the result of full forty years reflection upon the subjects of which it treats, or we might more truly say, it is the summing up by a candid, earnest thinker and seeker after truth, of the results of his life and thought. By force of his own thought the author outgrew the popular creed in which he was brought up. Being asked the question which he asks in the title page, he was constrained in all candor to answer it in the affirmative, meaning by Christianity the average faith of those who bear the Christian name. His creed now, which he enthusiastically proclaims as the "Coming Creed of the World", is quite parallel with that held by most Unitarians. Indeed, few Unitarians have much to learn from this book, though it may be suggestive in parts, and the fact is encouraging that this earnest man, by his own thought, has arrived so nearly at our conclusions upon these questions.

Maruja. By Bret Harte. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1885.

This, Bret Harte's latest novel, illustrates anew what was made certain in "Gabriel Conroy", that he is not capable of a sustained effort. He seems to become entangled in the intricacies of his own plot, or rather, perhaps, through haste he fails to make it clear to the reader. With many of his old felicitous touches, delicious descriptions of nature, keenness and perfection of analysis of character of a certain sort, the book before us is a failure for lack of detail, or else because burdened with too much of a plot. Mr. Harte should confine himself strictly to short sketches or should work far more patiently that each part of his story might make a complete, instead of a confused, impression upon the reader.

D. U.

1. Republic, Books II. and III.

2. Republic IV., 428.

3. Republic, 428, 430, 433, 434.

4. *Michigan: A History of Governments.* By Thomas McIntyre Cooley. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885. Price, \$1.25.

The Home.

THE VEGETARIAN AND THE CHILDREN.

One evening, after a very abstemious guest had departed, and I had retired to my chamber, I overheard the following conversation between our little people in the adjoining apartment: "Well, Ralph, what did you think of that man? He walked six miles here and is going to walk back, because it is so hard for the horses to draw him, and yet he ate bread that had made horses as tired as pulling street cars, beside all the work it had cost men and women, too." "Yes, Marion, and you know he refused oysters and steak because something had to be killed to get them, yet he wore wool clothes and skin shoes. Of course you ought to kill an animal before you skin him, and after he is dead you may as well eat him as throw the meat away."

"Say, did you hear him tell papa that he didn't ride on the cable-cars because it was such slavish work for the men who run them, and all the while he was eating the jam that mamma put down with such a headache, and it is made of the berries which are so tiresome to pick, and the sugar it is so much work to make. Well, I think it's just ridiculous! If he rode on the street cars, he'd have more time to help his friends." "And his idea that we have no right to catch horses and tame them to be our servants! I am sure tame horses must be ever so much happier than wild ones. They learn more and love more. You know how Prince loved us? Then what hard work it would be for men to do without horses and oxen to help them. Besides, I can't see how it can be any worse to make servants of the horses, cows and dogs, than of farmers, shoemakers and women. His linen looked clean and nice, and I don't believe he washed it or ironed it either, do you?" "Of course he didn't", said Ralph, with emphasis, "You don't catch men doing that unless they are working in a laundry."

Thus these eminently practical little people weighed in their balance the young ascetic philosopher, who, single-handed and alone, had undertaken to do his part toward spiritualizing civilized life. This young protestant against things as they are, himself but a child in the thought world, and like his little critics, still with vision too immature to catch a fair perspective of the vast problems he is trying to grasp—a striking instance of a meditative boy with a longing for knowledge, a grain of egotism which impels him to live within himself—making few friends and seeking no companionships, lured into mounting a hobby and riding off full gallop, mistaking the little ring of the "Flying Dutchman" for the wide world. To the children he was very absurd and unattractive in his isolation at the social board, partaking only of what he deemed absolute necessities for what to him seemed conscientious, but to them very incongruous reasons. Of course they saw not back of all a loyalty and devotion to principle which impelled him to stand aloof from others thus. He too was blind to the larger and truer problems of life. The horse, en-

nobled by contact with man, was to his imperfect sight but a beast of burden; a subject to man's tyranny, not man's aid in developing the riches of the earth. The cow had a right to roam in independent ease, living her own wild life, not housed and fed and improved until she is as perfect as cow nature can be made. The "Cowboy of the West" was to him a gross, imperfect being, not much more noble or thoughtful than the animal he corralled. He could not understand the grand pulsations of that strong frame, nor the honest, generous impulses of that manly heart. Nor could he see how the day's drudgery of the car-driver was sanctified by the divine motive of helpfulness to others, doing his work faithfully to the public as a man—earning thus an honorable livelihood as husband and father; how the wearisome day was haloed by the glorious vision he carried in that seeming dull routine, of the bright hearth, the warm supper, the loving greeting of wife and child that awaited its close. Alas for those who having eyes see not! "Man's culture can spare nothing, wants all the material." Let us beware of what Emerson calls "metaphysical egotism", whether it take a religious, scientific or social reform turn, for a man afflicted with it "runs round a ring formed by his own talents, falls into an admiration of it and loses relation to the world. It is a tendency of all minds."

MATER.

MY STAR.

I knew a beautiful silvery star
That lay in the western light,
And it loved a dear little boy that I knew,
And watched him every night.
When he'd climbed into his little bed,
And kissed his dear mamma,
He said: "Put wide the curtains, please,
And let me see my star."

And he did not feel lonely when darkness came
And filled his little room,
For his friend, the beautiful evening star,
Smiled on him through the gloom.
And he never wondered—why should he?
You may tell me if you know—
Why that great, beautiful, silvery star
Should love a little boy so!

—Our Little Men and Women.

ON a Sunday morning, a Highland dominie, while walking over the hills to his kirk, heard the music of a bugle in the distance, and wondered who could be so sacrilegious as to pipe on a wind instrument on the Lord's day. Nearing the sound, he discovered the musician to be a lad of about fourteen years. His pious soul lamented the fact that one so young could be so hardened. While walking toward him he pondered the evil "bringing up" the youth must have had, and as they met said, "My lad, do you know the chief end of man?" The boy assumed a thoughtful attitude, ran his fingers through his curly hair, and looking up encouragingly said: "I'm shawr I dinna ken, but if ye'll whistle it I think I can play it."

UNITY.

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CHICAGO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1885.

MR. BLAKE led the Union teachers' meeting, Monday noon, October 26, the subject being the book of Amos, fifth and sixth chapters. The question concerning the Pleiads and Orion is meant simply to introduce a little star talk with the children. Tell the stories concerning these constellations. "They hate him that pleadeth in the gate", means they will not do justice. The gate of the ancient city was a very important place, was often a court of justice. A survival of this was noted in the name of the Turkish court, that is the Porte. The question was raised concerning the beauty of Amos and of much of the ancient Bible poetry. Mr. Furness feared that his appreciation of the beauty came from hearing it called beautiful all his life. Mr. Jones, that it must be good poetry to have survived so long. Mrs. Conger and Mrs. Utter thought the beauty was exceptional, though strength was characteristic. Mr. Blake believed Amos truly poetical, and gave as a definition of poetry, language that gives the mind a picture. Whoever is a poet must have the power of giving the reader what is before his own mind and imagination. Mr. Hamilton asked concerning the lesson papers. Could we not have a paper that would give more information and help to the teachers? Mr. Jones and Mr. Utter explained that our little question paper was meant simply as such—to give each child two questions to seek answers to, and not to assist teachers in preparing their lessons.

LOUISVILLE, KY. The prettiest autumnal decorations we have yet seen this season in any of our churches, through newspaper lenses, are those in the Unitarian church at this place. The church was embowered in autumn leaves. The pastor contrasted for the children the Bacchanalian harvest home festivals

of the Romans 1,800 years ago, and this religious service of song and beauty. The people were so much interested that many failed to gain admittance within the walls.

THE PACIFIC SLOPE.—A conference is to be held of the Unitarian churches to the west of the Rockies, at San Francisco, the 1st of November.—At Tacoma, W. T., our friends have a "Ladies' Friendly Society", a Sunday-school lay service, and a live Unity Club, that has just finished a study of "Romola".—Our correspondent tells us that the anti-Chinese feeling is growing in the Puget Sound basin. Some hop-pickers have murdered Chinamen; the property of other Chinamen has been destroyed. The chief actors in the disgraceful tragedy have been indicted for murder in the first degree. Justice Green, in his address to the grand jury at Seattle, said: "*Ladies and gentlemen.*" He told them that they must do even to Chinamen as they would be done by.—We can furnish the address of a woman in Walla Walla, W. T., who is willing to assume all responsibility for incidental expenses and local work necessary to inaugurate a Unitarian movement in that city, and is anxious that a missionary should give them a call.

PHILADELPHIA.—At the Spring Garden Unitarian church, in Philadelphia, an interesting meeting was called on a recent Sunday evening, to discuss the prohibition movement that has so exercised the American political and moral world in the past decade. The UNITY correspondent is responsible for the assertion that while Mr. Clifford, from Germantown, denounced prohibition with manly emphasis, and Mr. Hinckley, from Providence, with equal positiveness opposed him, the speeches that went along with theirs from Messrs. May and Ames, of the city, and Mr. Browne, from South Carolina, were rather calculated to mystify the audience than explain whether the question breathed hot or breathed cold to them. There was a crowded room, and evidently much interest felt.

—The Philadelphia society for ethical culture has got on its feet. The fall series of lectures were inaugurated by Professor Adler, whose name collected a large audience. Schools developed in accordance with the ideas of the organization are to be at once established, and it is possible that some of the floating liberal material of the city may be gathered through their instrumentality to some united work in the future. Such a society must, from its nature, be experimental, and much, of course, depends upon the power of those who engineer it. Mr. Weston, who, as teacher and lecturer, is the announced resident, has a big field on which to work the peculiar views he formally represents.

—Philadelphians of all degrees and creeds have watched in recent weeks the incident of the "sloughing off" of the Rev. Mangasar Mangasarian from the Presbyterian fold with uncommon interest. The growth of belief in the man has been logical and natural, and has been attended by but few formal consequences of an unpleasant character. While members of the Presbytery showed considerable bitterness in their parting words, and while some attempt was

made to go through the absurd form of a trial for heresy, Mangasarian has wisely, in the main, been saved external violence. In the meantime he has organized a "Union Christian Church", and intends carrying the war into Holland. The offender is a young Greek of some twenty-eight years, and has always been favorably regarded among Presbyterians for his undoubted eloquence. His heresy does not seem vast to outsiders, but consists of a disavowal of Calvinism in all its harsher aspects. The lapse in the man's position occurs in his endeavor to make *Christian* character—instead of *character* simply—the test of manhood. But possibly the higher light will be developed duly. It is to the credit of the Unitarians of Mr. Ames's church, in Philadelphia, that they have allowed the use of their auditorium to the nascent congregation on at least one occasion.

H. L. T.

GREELEY, COLORADO.—The Harvest Service was celebrated in a way to bring helpfulness and joy, "Unity Festival" service being used. Brother Hogleland's audiences are most encouraging.—They beat the world here in raising cauliflowers.

It was gratifying to find the new opera house of Chicago comfortably filled on Friday evening last to listen to the rendition of Robert Browning's "Blot on the 'Scutcheon'" by Lawrence Barrett and his associates, and still more gratifying to find this grandly ethical creation of a poet so much abused for his "obscurity" interpreted in such a way as to hold the interest from first to last, although it is fair to presume that but a small proportion of the audience was previously acquainted with the text. Given to this play the previous study and popular familiarity of "Hamlet" or "Macbeth" on the part of both actors and audience, and we see no reason why it should not become as popular as well as a noble attraction on the stage. To those who believe that the drama has a high ethical mission in the world this is a consummation to be devoutly hoped for. Mr. Barrett maintained the part of "Lord Tresham" with dignity and at times with splendid force. With scarcely less power did Miss Wainwright sustain the character of "Mildred", and Miss Gale that of "Guendolen". "Mildred Tresham" will long haunt the hearts of all who witnessed the acting, as a pathetic, tender pleader for diviner judgments concerning the mistakes and sins of the world.

In the pages of the *Nineteenth Century* for September, a young man has been writing on "Why men will not be clergymen", acknowledging himself to be one that will not because he cannot. The article of course refers to the established church, but the argument hits out on many sides. His charge is that while in the humble sphere of religious insight he feels himself unembarrassed, yet this has been made by the church to depend on authorized answers to questions that lie largely if not wholly within the strictly intellectual sphere. To be explicit, he names such questions as in science, the doctrine of evolution, and in history, the various theories of modern Biblical criticism. These questions are in the air and it

is impossible, even if it were truthful, to escape them. Towards these questions then he desires to maintain an attitude of expectation and hope, whereas the subscription to the Articles of Religion requires him to tie up his thoughts for life upon them. Of course he sees any amount of evasion and indifference among those already within the body. With that, however, he has nothing to do; his business being to ask of himself in all integrity, "can I with the purest and highest faith make this declaration?" The author of the article, Hubert Handley, says he cannot, and therefore he is not a clergyman. Certainly it is of the highest use to speak thus frankly to the church from whose orders he finds himself prohibited, while the simple, straightforward remonstrance at the manifest absurdity of putting up barriers to keep the choicest—i. e., the sincerest—candidates from entering is one that will appeal to many on both sides of the water.

J. T.

COLD UNITARIANISM.—A correspondent from a neighboring town sends us the following: "It is often claimed that Unitarianism is 'cold'. Yet the fact made prominent in the following incident is true of liberal societies all over the west. A member of our Unitarian society here, visiting Chicago, stopped with Presbyterian relatives. On Sunday morning she attended church, and reached home late for dinner. 'Huh!' grunted the small boy of the Presbyterian family, looking up from his roast beef and mashed potatoes as the delinquent finally entered the dining-room, 'I know what made her late. They stop, at that church, to shake hands and talk! These Unitarians all know each other.'"

"ONE Hundred Hymns of Truth, Justice and Love" is the title of a pamphlet collection arranged for the use of the First Unitarian church in East Saginaw, Mich. In this collection we find many old favorites and some good new things, and miss many. They are words without music, which must be some disadvantage. We believe that a hundred good hymns are better than more for congregational usage.

"EVERY OTHER SATURDAY" is becoming a more attractive and sumptuous paper with each issue. The last two numbers contain interesting matter concerning that gifted interpreter of the tenderer life, Mrs. Juliana Horatia Ewing, whose writings are to be still better known; and they deserve more than they will ever receive, perhaps. Bless the word that mellows hard hearts.

THE annual entertainment of the Browning Society in London will be given in St. George's Hall on the 19th of next month, at which "Colombe's Birthday" will be played.

A NEW poem from Browning, entitled "Why Am I a Liberal?" is promised in a new work to be published by Cassell & Co.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL is to direct a course of study on Cervantes and another on Dante, at Harvard college this year.

Announcements.

The Subscription price of UNITY is \$1.50 per annum, payable in advance. Single copies 5 cents.

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Make checks payable to the order of Charles H. Kerr.

Contracts for Advertising in UNITY can be made by applying to Edwin Alden & Bro., Fifth and Vine streets, Cincinnati, or 140 Nassau street, New York City. Rate per line 8 cents. Electrotypes must be on metal.

To POST-OFFICE MISSION WORKERS and any persons engaged in the distribution of liberal literature we will send back numbers of UNITY at the following prices:

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CHICAGO CALENDAR.

UNITY CHURCH, corner Dearborn avenue and Walton place. Sunday, November 1, service at 10:45 morning. Sunday-school at 12:10.

THIRD UNITARIAN CHURCH, corner Monroe and Laflin streets. Service at 10:45 morning. Sermon by the pastor, Rev. J. V. Blake. Sunday-school at 12:15. Sunday-school concert at 5 o'clock, Sunday afternoon. Literary club, Tuesday evening, November 3. Subject, Crime, Prisons and Criminals. Teachers' meeting, Monday evening, at 7:30. First Alphabet Tea-party, Friday evening, November 6, at 6:30. Choir meeting, Saturday evening, at 7:30.

ALL SOULS CHURCH, corner Oakwood boulevard and Ellis avenue. Minister, Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones; residence, 200 1/2 Thirty-seventh street. Sunday, November 1, service at 10:45 A. M. The third anniversary of the Society and its annual Harvest service will be celebrated, the children joining with the congregation, Sunday-school omitted. Monday evening at 8 P. M., the "Novel" section of the Unity

Club. Thursday evening at 8 P. M., Teachers' meeting, which will meet hereafter on Friday evenings instead of Friday afternoons. Next Friday evening, November 6, the monthly meeting of the Executive Committee of the church, consisting of all the officers of the same, will meet at the residence of Mr. H. Pratt, corner of Greenwood avenue and 54th place, Hyde Park.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH, corner of Michigan avenue and Twenty-third street. Minister, Rev. David Utter; residence, 13 Twenty-second street. Service begins promptly at 10:45 A. M., Sunday-school promptly at 12:15. The Ladies' Industrial and Benevolent Society meets every Friday at 10 A. M. The Industrial School holds a Saturday morning session—teachers needed.

UNION TEACHERS' MEETING, Monday noon, November 2, at the Channing club room, 135 Wabash avenue, Rev. J. L. Jones, leader.

CONFERENCES.

THE fall meeting of the "Wisconsin Conference of Unitarian and other Independent Churches" will be held with the Milwaukee church, November 5 and 6, 1885. Rev. C. W. Wendte will preach the opening sermon Thursday evening, November 5. A full programme will be published next week. The Milwaukee society extends a cordial welcome to all delegates, who are asked to send their names at once to J. H. Crooker, 515 Lake street, Madison, Wisconsin. The railroads will make the usual reduction of fare.

WM. F. ALLEN, *President*.
J. H. CROOKER, *Secretary*.

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BOOKS RECEIVED.

All books sent us for review by publishers will be promptly acknowledged under this head and will receive as soon as practicable such further notice as the interests of our readers and the state of our columns may warrant.

A Little Country Girl. By Susan Coolidge. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Cloth, pp. 283. \$1.50

We Two Alone in Europe. By Mary L. Ninde. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. Cloth, pp. 348. \$1.50

Studies in Shakespeare. By Richard Grant White. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, pp. 382. \$1 75

A Baptist Meeting House. By Samuel J. Barrows. Boston: American Unitarian Association. Cloth, pp. 221.

History of the Arguments for the Existence of God. By Rabbi Aaron Hahn. Cincinnati: Bloch Publishing and Printing Co. Cloth, pp. 203.

Happy Moments. By S. W. Straub. Chicago: S. W. Straub. Boards, pp. 176. 50c.

The Joyous Story of Toto. By Laura E. Richards. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Cloth, pp. 228. \$1.50

Hidden Sweetness. By Mary Bradley. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Illustrated. Cloth, pp. 64. \$1.50

Sugar and Spice and all that's Nice. Selected by the editor of Quiet Hours. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Cloth, pp. 186. \$1.25

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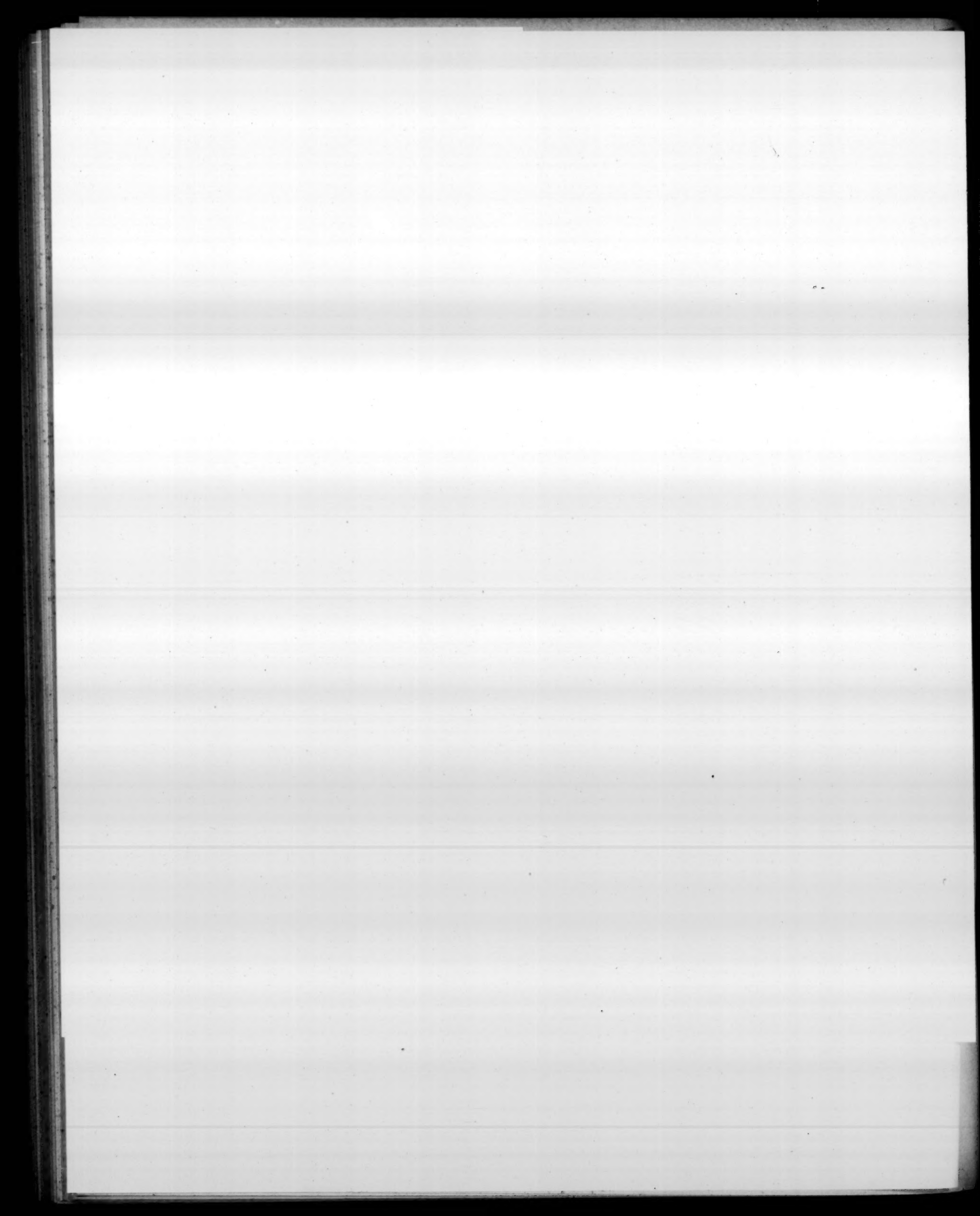
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be split : count quality by readers' noses and the Sunday volume would this week come out a hundred thousand noses ahead ; count it by lastingness and the Emerson may quite possibly be read and quoted in the household words and proverbs when 1885 has doubled its first figure, while the *Tribune* by another Sunday will be a curiosity for age,—nothing quite so stale.

And yet a stale *miracle*, and only stale because a penny miracle and forthcoming every day. It focussed in its structure the civilization of the planet on Nov. 1, 1885; it *took* that civilization to make the paper. As chronicle, it was a cross-section of world-history on that date. To those eyes of A. D. 2885 (if still they reckon time in that way) what a picture of the life of to-day a copy of our paper would unroll ! One thousand years ago last Sunday Alfred the Great was king in England : what would we not give to have one day of his England caught in the instantaneous photograph of such a twenty-eight pager of the time,—just one day, with its "wants", its tragedies, its crimes and scandals, its politics and markets and amusements, the news from Denmark and from Rome, the chit-chat from the villages, the current jokes, the subject of the bishop's sermon, the last translation of the king, the last ballad of the bards ? To unbury it from some abbey crypt would be the great literary "find" of the century. Every advertisement in it would be a glimpse and clue for some professor's treatise. Think of an old Athenian, an Egyptian, an Assyrian day, so photographed and brought to light in a copy of the *Babylon Sabatuv Tribune* or the *Nineveh Times*, or the *Accadian Inter-Rivers* ! The discovery of one old twenty-eight page Sunday newspaper would rewrite ancient history. And you burnt up your miracle !

G.

UNITARIAN ORGANIZATION.—V.

"We know not the men—and here we speak without exception or qualification—we know not the men, though the four quarters of the earth gave up their wisest, whom we would suffer to meet together, and to say what we should believe, or how we should worship."—*Christian Examiner*, 1830.

"The next thing we shall know, they will have unconvinced people singing."—*Judd's Margaret*.

"The church of free inquiry should never be anything but a society of consciences. Either it must abjure its own principle, or else it must consent to liberty."—*Vinet*.

On the 6th of August, 1629, the first ministers of the First Church in Salem were ordained. Governor Bradford, representing the brethren of the church at Plymouth, was asked to extend the right hand of fellowship. But "*he was not permitted to discharge that interesting and friendly service until it had first been proclaimed that no inference should ever be drawn from it in support of the idea that there was the least dependence whatever in this church upon others, the least jurisdiction over it in any external body, or the least necessary connection between it and other churches, wherever they might be.*"

Thus early was the principle of independency asserted—"the absolute freedom of each congregation from all foreign interference".

We well know what departures were afterwards

made from this position among the New England churches : how through councils and synods and associations they sought to restrain the thought and administration of religion.

To what extent, however, the candidate for the ministry should be subjected to the inquisition of the convened council, was always a tender point, even though the churches accepted the Cambridge platform "for substance of doctrine"; and toward the end of the last century there was anything but unanimity as to the true qualifications of church-members. Who had a right to the privilege of the sacraments ? The distinction between the "church" and the "congregation" was growing distasteful. Its logical deductions were no more pleasant than rational. Was only he a church-member or under covenant of grace who partook of the Lord's supper ? Mather, Edwards, and Emmons are names on one side of the discussion representing the stricter views ; while Stoddard and Hemmenway, Williams and Taggart, men quite unknown to this generation, were on the other. Stoddard said that the unconverted might come to communion in order that they might be converted ! Hemmenway said it "ought not to be required as a term of church communion that any profess assent to any creed or consent to any church covenants of human composition". Taggart said, "To confine the church to such as come to the Lord's table, excluding others, is pretty much the same as to say that scholars of the first class, and they only, compose the school ; whereas *scholars of the lowest form are as truly disciples* as the highest, and have an equal right to the government and instruction of the same".

Though Rev. Samuel Taggart, A.M., "pastor of the Presbyterian church in Colrain", was a prominent man in his day, he writes in 1801, "I do not recollect ever to have read a page that Calvin wrote." This probably enabled him the more cheerfully and unreservedly to say : "If they [Calvin's writings] contain anything inconsistent with the true intent and meaning of that apostolic declaration, 'that in every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted', then I either do not understand Calvinism, or in these points I am no Calvinist."

But the point of this paper was to set forth the independency of Congregationalism—a principle which no ecclesiastical devices have been able to smother. Naturally we should expect to find its logical and fullest manifestation in the Unitarian movement, which was a new struggle for religious liberty. Buckminster, of the Brattle Street church, writes to Belsham, of London, in 1809 : "We are, as yet, independent in Massachusetts ; and, though with some inconveniences, retain our old Congregational connection, *subject to no platform, subscribers to no articles*, and united only so far as we please with one another, exchanging with whom we please, and acting with those only with whom we find we can best agree. But there is among us an increasing party of Calvinists and Hopkinsians, who wish to promote a more *exclusive* union on the basis of the Westminster Confession of Faith. * * They are not yet the majority in our state, and it is much hoped that they never will be."

But not even the orthodox Congregationalists when they came together in national convention in November, 1871, ventured upon any declaration of doctrines as a basis of union. "The National Council of the Congregational Churches of the United States" adopted this fundamental law of their organization at Oberlin, the simplicity and wisdom of which we, as Unitarians, should fully consider:

"The churches therefore while establishing this National Council for the furtherance of the common interests and work of all the churches, do maintain the scriptural and inalienated right of each church to self-government and administration; and this National Council shall never exercise legislative or judicial authority, nor consent to act as a Council of Reference."

Under this rule every church can make its own terms of membership; delegates may be sent who have neither signed the covenant nor sat at the Lord's Supper. They may be sent from the congregation or "society", as they not infrequently are in our own churches, simply men of excellent character, no one having any official knowledge whatever of the particular theological views they chance to cherish.

Some of our readers may recall an incident which occurred at the last meeting of our Western Conference in St. Louis. A gentleman of high standing was sent as delegate from one of our churches in Illinois. He rose in one of our meetings to plead for the re-election of the present secretary. He believed in the value and efficiency of his work—though he declared that he himself was an *agnostic*. J. C. L.

Contributed Articles.

FELLOWSHIP.

Dear friend, you come to me,
With eager heart, to find
The skill that can unbind
The mystery of the sea.

From out our speechless pain,
That has in peace endured,
You ask the truth assured
That leads the soul to gain.

Whose is the art to free
The reticence of fate?
Whose hand may lie in wait—
For wonders as they flee?

With simple hearts content
To take the labor near,
The fount of common cheer
May flood the continent!

Love has no pledge with time,
And mourns no fortunes lost:
Above the fear of cost
It seeks a part sublime.

Dear friend, you check your steed
Ere you have passed my door:
Oh, welcome to its store
If aught can serve your need!

HORACE L. TRAUBEL

CAMDEN, N. J.

PERSONALITY IN RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

The line of spiritual gravity runs through the individual. Moral equipoise is adjustment to that line of gravity. The legitimate outcome of a healthy religious growth is the immediate communion of each soul with the all-soul, with God. The voice addresses all. Listen and ye shall hear. "Seek and ye shall find." Endless tutelage to secondary voices is not predestined. Nevertheless, the provisional is the road to the eternal, the relative to the absolute. First the chair and finger, then self-balance. Personality is the method of nature. Incarnation is her condescension to the disabilities of man. Biography is moral and spiritual law writ in raised letters. Heroes are heaven's forces made visible. Prophets are divine will and spirit become audible. Noble historic characters are winds of God breaking upon the responsive strings of the human soul.

Spiritually, man is a child. Spiritual personality is that child's object teaching. Race progress steadily cuts down that dependence, dispenses with the infantile method. Confucius, Buddha, Mohammed, Moses, Isaiah, Paul, Luther, Edwards, Channing and Emerson represent a declining moral autocracy, an ascending moral democracy, a widening and heightening area or average of self-reliance, God-reliance.

Such was the method of nature in the past. Has that method ceased? Has national faith suspended it wholly? Have all the eaglets become eagles? Are historic helps no longer helps? Has the religious prophet no pertinency to the liberal mind? Shall we, the emancipators, no longer adjure by great names? Why does Emerson call and recall me to Plato, Plutarch and Sydney? What of them all? Why does my Emersonian friend cite Emerson to me over and over? Can I not perceive fact without him? Have I not conscience and intellect and eyes as well as he? Are not Truth and Principle accessible without him? High ethics and heroism, are they not nearer than he? As Voltaire of another, shall I not say of him, "Don't mention that man's name to me again"?

"What are they all in their proud conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet!"

Jesus belongs to the kingdom of Nature, to the *genus homo*. Nevertheless, in him is to be recognized at least the law of historic utility. His mediation is that of spiritual personality. Spirit personification, the word incarnated, the voice made audible,—the spirit become visible. Amidst expiring fictitious claims in his behalf, his service to man, actual and possible, is still immense. Not so much to you and me, possibly, or to the ever-enlarging circle of immediate communicants, but to the average man, to the masses, to humanity. Unable to tell me how much are 2 + 3, my little child answers easily the problem of

2 oranges + 3 oranges. Notwithstanding the advance of abstract religious perception, of soul-perception, humanity is still that little child, silent to the spiritual abstract, responsive to the spiritual concrete. All heroic figures are names to conjure with. But one name is not equivalent to another. What is in a name? Sometimes nothing; sometimes everything. The name listed highest in moral and spiritual prestige has the largest rallying and radiating power. No superstition or cant on the one hand, no noble philosophy of self-reliance and immediate communion on the other, can break the force of the natural, inevitable and large reinforcement given to spiritual ambition by the all-contagious personality of Christ.

Unitarianism is a declaration of religious independence, a call to spiritual self-resource, a comparative anticipation of final results. But its actual and possible disciples are "little children" in their limitations and disabilities. Theoretically freed from a dogmatic and materialistic theology, they, too, remain responsible and responsive to the contagious spirit of the man whom nature and providence have made the most conspicuous and leading in religious history. The growing unity and liberty of the religious world are bringing to the front in a deserved and beautiful supremacy the simple spirit of God. Under diverse phenomenal forms, that is the everlasting thing. He that hath that, hath all. But the profound impassioned cry of humanity now, as in the past, is "Show us the spirit! Give us a personification of it! We want to see it that we may know and feel it!" The Unitarian type of mind in that humanity is no exception. It lays hold of biographic incarnation. It is moved by historic rendition. The natural fact, which gave birth to the efficiency of the Galilean prophet, persists. Stripped of all accidents, there remains to the career of Jesus one unmoved and immovable feature. That is, its God-Spirit. Historically, his is the most potent impersonation of that spirit.

Why, then, carry the Galilean name on the Unitarian flag? If for no other reason, because of the function of personality in religious education and religious propagandism. Because the philosophy of education holds Unitarianism, also, to two results:

1st. An increasing spirituality in him who enters in some passionate way into the secret of Jesus's life.

2nd. A more powerful movement to that organization which flies the white banner of the Man of Galilee.

C.

The Study Table.

THE EDITOR'S BOOK RACK.

We consider our business obligations to the publishers who kindly send us their publications discharged when the receipt of the same is acknowledged, in connection with such information as to size, price and authorship as is necessary to direct the intelligent reader and book-buyer. But we feel under moral obligations to our readers to hint at the contents of

many of the books that reach our table, together with such estimates of their value as may appear to an intelligent reader. We do not intend to print any notices of books that have not been read by the reviewer. So many of our books are distributed among our UNITY contributors who read and then speak. But this does not preclude the book-rack which contains the "to-be-noticed" volumes on the editor's table being generally over-stocked.

We make time and place this week to relieve the plethora of our rack and to speak a word for the books, some of which have long been at our elbow, whose tempting pages have absorbed the attention in many cracks of time. Here's a handful of the little things read through during a passage from study to office: Maurice Thompson's little monograph of "The Red-Headed Family",¹ for two cents. It shows how healthy are his out-of-door instincts and what wholesome style comes to the man who sees through nature into nature. Close to this we find Howells's farce, "The Elevator",² which so rested us in the reading that we would like to see it played by the amateurs of some Unity Club on their social evening. Here is something of a very different kind, but equally welcome in tired moments, the wholesome piety of George MacDonald, the tender consciousness of the divine in a soul of the new day, in extracts³ selected by Miss Dewey, who in other places has shown how true her religious instincts are. As if to mock us, just after writing a sharp paragraph against hunting, the postman slyly placed upon our tables "The Hunter's Handbook",⁴ which tells all about camp fires, cooking utensils, things good to eat, and how to cook them, how to tell the weather and how to do when one is bitten by snakes, poisoned by weeds, and almost drowned. A good little book for next summer, quite as handy for him who hunts without rod and gun as for those on murder bent. Next to this is a pretty little red book,⁵ sandwiched in like Browning's "Ortolans", which shows how an English rector would teach children the story of his church, a hint to any minister who accepts the delightful work of indoctrinating his children. It suggests one way of conducting a pastor's class. There may be some affinity between this book and its neighbor; for whatever else is omitted, the Episcopal church must stand for the "Gospel of the proper and the becoming", and this book⁶ tells all about how to pronounce. We have looked into it often, never without finding a rebuke, and closing it with a resolution. But the sins of misplaced accents still pursue us. Perhaps the book has appeared too late to save us. We commend the young to its stern discipline. If the perusing of the volume just mentioned does not reveal sins enough to suppress all talking, even a casual reading of Mr.

1. A Red-Headed Family. By Maurice Thompson. John B. Alden, New York. Paper, pp. 21. 2 cents.
2. The Elevator, a Farce. By W. D. Howells. Jas. R. Osgood & Co., Boston. Paper, pp. 84. 50 cents.
3. Selections from the Writings of George MacDonald, or, Helps for Weary Souls. Compiled by J. Dewey. Thomas R. Knox & Co. New York. Cloth, pp. 93. 75 cents.
4. The Hunter's Handbook, giving hints for camp life. By "An Old Hunter." Lee & Shepard, Boston. Cloth, pp. 147. 50 cents.
5. The Holy Church Throughout All the World. By Rev. Samuel Fox, M. A. The Living Church Company, Chicago. Cloth, pp. 152. 25 cts.
6. How Should I Pronounce? By William Henry P. Phyfe. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. Cloth, pp. 305. \$1 25.

Welsh's new book on rhetoric⁷ ought to cure almost any one of the itching for authorship and to save him from the "facility of type". We cannot tell what the school-masters will think of the book, but it certainly is good reading, and if we ever study rhetoric again we will ask for this book, although we like much some of the illustrations cited as "inelegant".

Here are three suggestive little books for Sunday-school workers. Mr. Armstrong's "Outlines"⁸ are admirable, a still more tempting help for the pastor's class, though the wise pastor will probably get the good out of this beforehand and will leave the book unopened. Every page has an open door into great talks. John Page Hopps's attempt to condense the Old Testament for child uses has already been mentioned in these columns. This fair English edition has been reproduced by our Boston society.⁹ A like purpose has led the Society for the Study of Hebrew, which has its headquarters at Morgan Park, near this city, to publish in very handy form a little booklet¹⁰ which contains simply so much of the Bible as enters into the International Sunday-school Lessons for 1886.

Mr. Crafts has given us a bulky encyclopædic book on "The Sabbath"¹¹ from the orthodox standpoint. It contains much valuable material, particularly in the appendix and the parts that refer to the legal phases of the question. But it is a pity that the author should fail to recognize the difference between those who desecrate the Sunday with coarseness and lawlessness and those who dedicate it more and more to the sweet uses of humanity. Very different is the workmanship of Gustafson's "Foundation of Death",¹² another encyclopædic book that has lain alongside of Mr. Crafts's book on "The Sabbath" in the rack for a long time. So carefully arranged, so exact in its references, so thorough in research, so scientific in statement, so earnest in purpose is this book, that no one who is unacquainted with it can claim to be up with the times on the temperance question. It ought to supplant carloads of trashy stuff devoted to this holy service. No high cause has ever suffered more from weak literature, incoherent thinking and hearts' gush undirected by judgment, than the temperance cause. This is a book to be bought, studied, loaned and commended everywhere. An earnest book has affinity for an earnest man. We have enjoyed this new edition of Erasmus Manford's "Twenty-five Years in the West",¹³ containing a sketch of his efficient helpmeet. It is a story of an active missionary life, and there is that in it to make missionaries.

Our interest in Professor Hosmer's "Life of Samuel Adams"¹⁴ is heightened by the spirited way in which

John Fiske vindicates the author from a superficial charge of plagiarism made against him by some New York and St. Louis papers. In this letter we learn that Professor Hosmer entered upon a work originally intended for Mr. Fiske. The offending of the author was probably his large way of seeing both sides and of doing justice to the representatives of each. Mr. Fiske says "every page shows thorough, honest and accurate research".

From the college to the kindergarten. Froebel has heretofore been known to the English reader only by his kindergarten studies. Miss Josephine Jarvis has translated into strong, graceful and idiomatic English his "Education of Man",¹⁵ a book of prime significance to the educator, a book not to be read but to be studied. The first twenty-three pages entitled "Foundation of the Whole" presents an admirable "body of divinity", as the fathers would say. It is the philosophy of the liberal faith. It is a mine out of which great sermons are to be quarried. It is a good thing for preachers to study. So is Professor Fillmore's book on the "History of Piano-forte Music",¹⁶ a book which we, a musical savage, have been able to read with interest, and in the reading have found out many things we didn't know and do not yet. But we also found that the lives of the great tone-masters have in them inspiration and encouragement to all seekers after the ideal. And we find in this book ample evidence that a musician may also be a clear thinker and a vigorous writer. We can but think that if to the abuse of piano strings which the modern seeker after accomplishments inflict were added more of the general culture, the thought-training, literary and historic appreciation found in this book, the music lesson would not be the dreary thing it so often is and it would not end in such inane results. The ambitious mamma persuades the indulgent papa to invest hundreds of dollars in the musical training of the daughter before she is married, after which event the parlor is chilled by the presence of an unused piano. When the time comes for music the accomplished belle is "all out of practice". We thank Professor Fillmore for putting thought into his music and making for us live men out of his musicians. While taking about art we wish again to remind our Unity Club workers and other study classes in art of the excellent help they will find in Mrs. Mitchell's "Ancient Sculpture".¹⁷ It will lead them into most profitable fields of study. The illustrations are numerous and excellent, the indices ample, and the authority such as can be expected only from one who has the advantages of extended travel under favorable circumstances, as is the case with Mrs. Mitchell. We understand that the publishers have issued illustrated charts, to accompany the work, which we have not seen.

We like to look often into Mr. Bierbower's "Morals of Christ".¹⁸ The titles in the table of contents form a suggestive syllabus in ethics. Perhaps the author

7. Complete Rhetoric. By Alfred H. Welsh, A. M. S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago. Cloth, pp 344. \$1 50.
8. Outline Lessons in Religion. By Richard A. Armstrong, B. A. London: S. S. Ass'n. pp 61.
9. The Bible for Beginners:—The Old Testament. By J. Page Hopps. Cloth, pp 375.
10. International Sunday School Lessons for 1886. Amer. Pub'n Soc'y of Hebrew, Chicago. pp 76. 10 cents.
11. The Sabbath for Man; a study of the origin and present state of sabbath observance. By Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts, A. M. Funk & Wagnalls, New York. Cloth, pp 640. \$1 50.
12. The Foundation of Death; a Study of the Drink Question. By Alex. Gustafson. Ginn, Heath & Co., Boston. pp 598. \$2 00.
13. Twenty-five Years in the West. By Erasmus Manford. Mrs. H. B. Manford, publisher, Chicago. Cloth, pp 413.
14. Samuel Adams. By James K. Hosmer. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. Cloth, pp 442. \$1 25.

15. The Education of Man. By Friedrich Froebel. Translated by Josephine Jarvis. A. Lovell & Co., New York. Cloth, pp 273.
16. History of Pianoforte Music. By J. C. Fillmore. Townsend MacCoun, Chicago. Cloth, pp 245. \$1 50.
17. History of Ancient Sculpture. By Lucy M. Mitchell. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. Cloth, pp 766. \$12 50.
18. The Morals of Christ. By Austin Bierbower. The Colegrove Book Co., Chicago. Paper, pp 200. 50 cents.

forces his clear-cut antitheses a little too far sometimes, but it is encouraging to find one who is willing to give 200 pages to the study of Jesus all on the ethical side. When the morals of Christ are not only stated, but realized, the doctrines of and about Christ will take care of themselves. After reading the nineteen Baccalaureate Sermons,¹⁹ delivered in about as many successive years, one can understand the great influence Dr. Peabody has had over the Harvard boys, so simple, so fatherly, so splendidly ethical, so undogmatic are they.

And here are six, yea, seven, books of poetry. No. 15,²⁰ the last, as yet, of the Riverside series, six of Lowell's poems with a sketch, among which is the Concord "Ode", "Under the Willows", and the poems to Longfellow and Agassiz. What a great 15-cents worth of soul food,—something to feed the heart with! Jean Ingelow's last volume, "The Old Days and the New";²¹ not a book to be taken up when you "don't want to think" or are "too tired to do anything else", not so easy reading as her earlier poems but still worth reading, because, as Miss Coolidge suggests, "She sings from out her deeper heart". Edwin Arnold's metrical version of the "Bhagavad-Gita",²² the sixth volume of eastern radiance shining through this west-easterly man, none of them so good as the first, but all of them worth reading, and if they are not as much sought after as at first it is because the surprise has worn out. When the first melon was found in the eastern garden of the Lord everybody wanted to taste of it. But when it is found that the garden is full of melons there is much less desire to taste of them. There is a peculiar beauty and pathos in this volume of the poems of Sidney Lanier,²³ the American Keats, who died just as his genius was getting ready to make for itself a permanent home in the world. Tender and beautiful is the story of his life. Now beguiling his fellow-prisoners in the military prison at Point Lookout with the flute which he had concealed in his sleeve on entering, now writing his hymn to the sunrise, while the fever temperature was 104°, and at last dying with all the world of music before him. These lines are the raw material out of which great poems might have been moulded had he lived—"The First Steamboat Up the Alabama" is the finest negro dialect poem we know of. There are many prophetic lines in his "Psalm of the West", his "Ode to the Johns Hopkins University" and his "Hymns to the Marshes". And now comes the first fruit of the Christmas season, fourteen of Whittier's "Poems of Nature",²⁴ on sumptuous pages, noble letter-press, and fifteen softly toned illustrations by Elbridge Kingsley. The grace of the hill country is in almost all of them. The book has a pine bough on the outside, and an etched portrait by Schoff on the

frontispiece, more venerable and more Quaker-like than the common portraits. 'Tis a book for the aged, an antidote to the hurried. "Hidden Sweetness"²⁵ is the title of the poems by Mary Bradley; but the sweetness of the two dozen or more illustrations in brown by Dorothy Holroyd is not hidden. Perhaps we would be interested in the poetry if the pictures were not here, but we've been quite unable to read on account of the charm of the apple-blossoms, violets, pussy-willows, etc. And now the queen of gleaners, —we were about to say the queen-bee, only the queen-bee is not the one who finds the honey—has remembered the little ones. The author of "Quiet Hours" has gathered the "sugar and spice"²⁶ of the nursery, —not a new thing in the book and still the book is brand new. We have read it all through to atone for the loss of "Mother Goose" privileges in our childhood. Perhaps the pretty red volume of Mrs. Sherwood's "Camp-Fire and Memorial Day"²⁷ will not come amiss among the holiday buyers, inasmuch as every page of it breathes again the stirring spirit of war times. There is great poetry in the titles "Thomas at Chickamagua", "The McPherson Statue", "Sightless Scars", "The Black Regiment at Fort Hudson", etc. Of course the lines could not help but write these subjects small, yet the boys are sure to like them, for memory will supply whatever poetry the lines may be deficient in. There is more history in such a book as this than in some volumes of would-be history.

Correspondence.

PROHIBITION.

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR:—In your paper of October 24th, Mr. Snyder quotes from a letter received from "one of the most honored and respected representatives of our denomination", these words: "Rev. Grindall Reynolds, secretary of the A. U. A., who has lived in Concord, Mass., many years, says that the 'only time in which liquor has been sold in that town was during the time when they had a prohibitory law.' Now I am sure that this statement was made in perfect good faith, but it is certainly a mistaken one. What I probably did say,—though under what circumstance and to whom I do not now know,—was this: "While the prohibitory law was in force the public sale of liquor was never fully suppressed in Concord. When the license law with the local option clause went into effect, the citizens voted not to grant licenses, and for a time there was no public sale of liquor in the town; and in my judgment there was a great lessening of all sales, private as well as public." This I might have said, for this I have often said, and this I have always believed to be true. But I could not have said, that "the only time in which liquor had been sold was during the time they had a prohibitory law".

19. Baccalaureate Sermons. By A. P. Peabody, D.D., LL. D. D. Lothrop & Co., Boston. Cloth, pp. 292. \$1 50.
20. Under the Old Elm and Other Poems. By James Russell Lowell. No. 15, Riverside Series. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. Paper, pp. 80. 15 cents.
21. Poems of the Old Days and the New. By Jean Ingelow. Roberts Bros., Boston. Cloth, pp. 229. \$1 25.
22. The Song Celestial. By Edwin Arnold. Roberts Bros., Boston. Cloth, pp. 185. \$1 00.
23. Poems of Sidney Lanier. Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York. Cloth, pp. 252. \$2 00.
24. Poems of Nature. By J. G. Whittier. Illustrated by Elbridge Kingsley. Cloth, pp. 101. \$6 00.

25. Hidden Sweetness. By Mary Bradley. Illustrated by Dorothy Holroyd. Roberts Bros., Boston. Cloth, pp. 64. \$1 50.
26. Sugar and Spice and All That's Nice. Selected by Editor of "Quiet Hours". Roberts Bros., Boston. Cloth, pp. 186. \$1 25.
27. Camp-fire and Memorial Poems. By Kate B. Sherwood. Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago. Cloth, pp. 211. \$1 00.

For, alas, I know too well that under all laws and at all times not a little has been both sold and drank. I may add that I am neither a prohibitory law nor a license law man. I believe in total abstinence from all intoxicating beverages. The law which most tends to decrease the use of such beverages and so to lessen human misery has my cordial support, whatever its name. May I trouble you to insert this correction, which I am sure Brother Snyder and his correspondent, to me now unknown, would desire to have made. Very truly,

GRINDALL REYNOLDS.

Boston, 7 Tremont Place, October 27, 1885.

How differently my neighbor and I view you! When I read Mr. John Snyder's communication on prohibition last Saturday, I laughed to think that he, a disbeliever in prohibition, should see in the pages of *UNITY* a "quiet and tranquil assumption pervading its utterances, that prohibition offers the only righteous method by means of which the evil of intemperance may be removed", while I, a believer in prohibition, have long felt deep in my heart, and unspoken even to myself, a sorrow that *UNITY* and Unitarians should be in the rear of this, to me, grand movement for the uplifting of humanity; that it and they should never encourage prohibition. I can recall, at this moment, but one Unitarian voter who is an earnest prohibitionist, and certainly *UNITY* has never shown approval of prohibition, except that it has acknowledged the truth and sincerity of prohibitionists, and except that W. C. G. most grandly stated the position of prohibitionists upon the high license question.

Mr. Snyder's friend says that liquor dealers are "more afraid of the effect of a series of earnest temperance religious meetings than of all the laws that can be enacted". This is an old, old cry,—“Educate—use moral means”,—a cry in which I heartily believe, but I also believe that no one can engage heartily and earnestly in the means of moral temperance education but he will, sooner or later, come to believe, with all his powers of understanding, in legislation. I have done active temperance work for twenty-one years, some of the time devoting three and four evenings a week during many months to some phase of temperance education. I believed only in moral education during all my early years of work, but now I believe in compulsory education, such as was contained in that older prohibition, “Thou shalt not murder” and if Mr. Snyder and his friend will give the same time to the work they will learn that this slavery of body and mind,—worse than any African slavery ever heard of,—this disease of intemperance which pervades all classes of society and is the cause of at least fifty per cent. of all our cases of defective organization, can *not* be restrained by moral means unaided by legal. I have never yet found an opponent of prohibition to be a man or woman who has given one evening of every week in the year for a dozen years to earnest temperance education.

For myself, if prohibition were openly violated in every town in Maine, which it is not, it would still be to me the only righteous way to remove the evil of intemperance. Had I the right of suffrage (which I don't hope to get until this liquor question is settled,

as was the other slavery question, without compromises) yet must I always vote against license of the liquor traffic. I should find it more nearly right to license murder than to license the sale of a poison which I firmly believe to sow the seeds of crime, insanity, idiocy, pulmonary disease, tendency to pauperism, in the system of not only the person indulging, but also in the systems of his descendants, “even unto the third and fourth generations”.

I have never called myself incredulous, yet I find myself so now in regard to the truth of the statement of Mr. Snyder's friend, that “rumselling men voted for the constitutional amendment in Maine as a joke”. I cannot believe that the rumseller of Maine takes as a joke a matter which is battled so fiercely by the liquor dealers everywhere else. I simply write this to show that a woman may be *righteously, morally and religiously in favor of prohibition.*

ALURA COLLINS.

MUKWONAGO, Wisconsin, October 26, 1885.

Prohibitionists are willing to rest their case upon the effects of prohibition in Maine studied scientifically. But a letter from somebody is not scientific study. The United States marshals do their work of collecting the revenues very impartially. The scientific question is, do the revenue reports show a largely restricted sale in that state as compared with states where the sale is legal. We understand that they do, that as shown by the most perfect attainable evidence, the *per capita* consumption of liquors in Maine is very much less than in any state which legalizes the sale of intoxicating drinks as a beverage.

LYMAN CLARK.

AYER, MASS., Oct. 28, 1885.

“THE great majority of those who live and die upon the earth go neither to heaven, the dwelling place of the redeemed man, nor to hell, the dwelling place of blasphemers and others who have rejected the Messiah; but, on the contrary, the great majority, having never heard the gospel, are judged according to what they have done while in the body, and are happy or miserable in sheol, the dwelling place of disembodied spirits, according to their deeds on earth, their own conscience being their accusers or excusers at the judgment day.” The above is the affirmation of an aged and much respected deacon in one of the Baptist churches of St. Louis. Can any of your *UNITY* correspondents tell me whether such views are regarded as sound and scriptural by our Baptist brethren?

J. S. B.

WHETHER it should be charged to the types or my pen, in the 10th and 11th lines of my contribution in *UNITY* of Oct. 24th, I note the great mistake where Unitarian is used for Trinitarian, thus entirely destroying the point to my statement. It was that Trinitarians expressed their appreciation of such ministrations as are there mentioned. My surprise was excited. It was very gratifying to have our principles thus appreciated in spite of dogma, but may it not have been because they were presented without dogma or dogmatism? Yours for the truth.

A. A. ROBERTS.

ABERDEEN, Dakota.

The Home.

MY FAITH.

"What is my faith", you ask of me?
My faith is not of words and creeds,
My faith is in all faithful acts,
And in all noble deeds.

My faith is that we all should try
To make this world so glad and bright,
That hearts should fill with gladness all,
And every soul with light.

My faith is that we all should speak
True words of hope to those bowed down;
My faith is that their lifted lives
Shall be our heavenly crown.

My faith is, that our lives should be
So full of courage and so brave,
That deeds of ours shall still live on
When we are in the grave.

O. F.

WHITE OR BLACK.

"I once took a bit of paper having a peculiar *gray* color and held it closely against the black surface of my coat; the children at a little distance said that it was *white*. I then held the same bit of paper against the surface of a pure white sheet of paper and the children, keeping their distance, all declared it to be *black*."

"Now, the other day there came to me from a little girl, several hundred miles away, this curious question: 'What is the reason that flies make black specks on white things and white specks on black things?' Had she seen the bit of gray paper, as the other children did, she would have learned from it that the eye sometimes deceives us, because it is itself deceived by the different contrasts presented. A thing may appear to be white when surrounded by black and to be black when surrounded by white, all because it is really neither white nor black but some neutral tint between."

In a similar way some traits of character are white, black or gray, when looked at in a moral light.

For instance, the smallest act of kindness, even if unwillingly done, looks quite white in contrast with the blackness of absolute cruelty; but do not pride yourself upon it, for after all it is only gray. Look at it in the presence of the true and tender politeness of somebody you know—somebody who is always kind—whom you never saw do a selfish act.

I saw a boy giving a little girl a ride on a sled. This was kind, was it not? but when out of sight of a pair of eyes that he would not have seen him do such a thing for the world, he would jerk the sled about suddenly, throwing her off, making her cry, and repeatedly covering her from head to foot with the newly fallen snow. The fact that he tried to conceal his unkindness showed that he knew it was wrong, and made it look very gray indeed beside what he would have done could those eyes have seen his acts.

Real kindness is so white that no other whiteness can make it look gray.

Truth is another white trait of character, so delicate and beautiful that it is sad ever to see it tinged with gray. The blackness of actual lying would frighten some who are accustomed to compromise with truth. They do not notice how gray a half-way course is, and perhaps they really do not know that it looks black to those who love the pure truth.

M. H. W. W.

THE AMBITIOUS ANT.

The ambitious ant would a traveling go,
To see the pyramid's wonderful show.
He crossed a brook and a field of rye,
And came to the foot of a haystack high.
"Ah! wonderful pyramid!" then cried he;
"How glad I am that I crossed the sea!"

—A. R. Wells, in *St. Nicholas*.

LITTLE four-year-old Katie was away from home visiting with her mamma, and slept with her at night. Mamma was unaccustomed to such a bed-fellow, and Katie's almost incessant tossings kept her awake much of the time. In the morning she said, "Katie, you whopped about so last night that I could not sleep." That evening when Katie repeated her usual prayer, she made the added request that she might be kept from "whopping about and 'sturbing mamma". The prayer did not seem to be answered, and upon her mamma's complaining again, she repeated her petition, but still receiving no answer, the third night she doubtless thought to make her request more emphatic by using some newly-acquired German, and worded it as follows: "O, God, please keep me from whopping about and 'sturbing mamma to-night. I have asked you now ein, zwei, drei times, and still you let me whop."

L. L.

An exchange makes out a list of "old maids" who have blessed the world, thus suggesting the longer list, which no one can name, of blessed women whose whole business is to mother other mothers' children, is to make home-like other people's homes, and to give without expecting to receive. Caroline Herschel, Maria Mitchell, Mrs. Somerville, Hannah Moore, Maria Edgeworth, Jane Porter, Florence Nightingale, "Sister Dora." Add to this all the "Aunt Marys" and the other good names that you know, and do not know, and then realize what a poor place, heaven and earth would be without these saints, and ever more give thanks for "old maids".

READERS of the November *St. Nicholas* will be surprised and delighted to know how much larger turtles grew in the long ago than now. And they will gladly think how much better it is to be a small boy with a big heart than a great turtle with a large shell.

THE best recipe for going through life in an exquisite way, with beautiful manners, is to feel that every one, no matter how rich or how poor, needs all the kindness possible from others in the world.

UNITY.

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Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

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CHICAGO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1885.

At the noon meeting of the Sunday-school teachers, the subject was the fifth and sixth chapters of Amos. Mr. Jones, who was the leader, said the main purpose of the prophet was to rebuke the selfishness and luxury of the Northern Kingdom. Amos is characterized by strong ethical purpose, by very plain speaking, and by wide geographical and historical allusions. Amos's learning in the history and geography of his race and of surrounding peoples is very noticeable. The question of the quality of the book of Amos considered as poetry was then discussed. A rendering of the fifth chapter into English heroic verse was read, and the question asked,—Does such a rendering help us to feel the passage as a contemporary Hebrew would have felt it? There was general expression of opinion that it did. Some, however, thought that whatever poetry there might be in the book of Amos, it was marked by strength and power, but hardly by beauty; others thought that there are different kinds of beauty, as of the rose and the sea in a storm, and that the beauty of great and noble and symmetrical form are to be found in the stern and strong denunciations of the prophet. Mr. Furness considered it simply strong and high prose, which he viewed as even a higher and finer thing than a poem. Mr. Wendte said Amos, and the Hebrew prophets generally, lay somewhere between prose and poetry; but of course the same could not be said of the psalms and Job and some other parts. Also he spoke forcibly of the great importance of reading the Bible well, in order to show its beauties to the hearers. There were twenty-five persons present at the meeting.

A WORD FROM TOPEKA.—Our Unity church is being "raised"—building, and the money to pay for it. We would like to know if any UNITY readers can

duplicate such a utility touched into beauty for a like sum, \$3,200. Experience is teaching us that the effort of housing a congregation increases attendance and interest. Unity is secured by striving to satisfy real needs—divisions come by striving to satisfy fancied wants. Continue your good work in UNITY of holding our people to their real needs in church architecture, and our church buildings will speak truly of our aims.

E. P.

GENEVA, ILL.—The *Patrol* of October 23 printed the following item: "The annual business meeting of the Unitarian Society was lately held. A new board of trustees for one year was elected, as follows: R. Long, Sr., L. M. Potter of LaFox, and Mr. Gillingham. During the year ending with October 1, thirty-five new members have been added to the society. The congregations also have been steadily increasing."

CHARLESTON, S. C.—Rev. E. C. L. Browne resumed his work with the venerable church of our faith at this place on the last Sunday of October, carrying to his people from the north words of cheer and the more substantial dollars of helpfulness, by means of which the cycloned church is to be repaired on the outside and restored on the inside with new windows of cathedral glass, etc., etc. May the new windows not keep out the old light and may they not too seriously refract the simple but verifying ray of the sun.

BROOKFIELD, MASS.—Twelve churches joined in the ordination service of Rev. Samuel Hamlet, recently of the Meadville school. Rev. W. P. Tilden preached the sermon, Mr. Reynolds, of the A. U. A., gave the charge, A. S. Garver, of Worcester, the welcome into the ministry. H. H. Woude, a former pastor, gave the installing word to the people. Rev. C. E. Stebbins, the orthodox minister of the place, L. G. Wilson, of Hopedale, and Julius Blass, of Millbury, took part in the exercises. The choir sang an anthem, the words and music of which were composed by the young minister, and the ladies served the collation to two hundred guests. UNITY sends its greetings and congratulations to minister and people. May they find new life and fresh vision in the strain of new work and the pinch of hard tasks.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—The Second Unitarian society has published its "annual", setting forth the church life and work. Mr. Chadwick announces a course of seven monthly lectures on Sunday evening on "Some Aspects of the Present Time". The Sunday-school meets in the morning before the church service. Dr. Janes uses Graham's "Creed of Science" as a textbook for the adult class; an "Association for Moral and Spiritual Culture" are studying on alternate Sunday evenings "The Rational Movement in Religion". Eleven special collections are announced for charitable and missionary purposes. The publication committee state that more than one hundred thousand copies of Mr. Chadwick's sermons have been distributed during the last ten years. The eleventh series is now in course of publication, five hundred copies of which are distributed for missionary work through

the various pamphlet missions that have their headquarters at our office. The motto of the society is, "The truth shall make you free."

SIoux CITY, IOWA.—The year's work in the young but vigorous Unitarian society of this place is opening well. The Sunday services are well attended, the evening congregations averaging over three hundred. The Harvest Festival was good and helpful throughout. It showed the skillful management of Miss Wakefield, the superintendent of the Sunday-school. As we listened to the beautiful thanksgiving service in "Unity Services and Songs," we wondered if our liberal people realize their obligation to Mr. Blake for this book with its services that never grow old but grow in beauty the longer they are used. The Ladies' Unity Circle is studying the history of Unitarianism in America as outlined by the "Programmes for Religious Study." This club meets each Thursday afternoon for reading and discussion, and once a month serves a supper, which is followed by a social meeting for the purpose of making acquainted with one another those who are interested in our new society. On a recent Sunday morning we had the pleasure of listening to Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. E. E. G.

THE last of a series of five volumes for young readers, by Rev. E. E. Hale, is called "Stories of Invention". The others of the course—stories of war, adventure, discovery, and of the sea, all published by Roberts Bros., Boston, and sold for \$1.00 each, have been previously noticed in these columns. This last is a collection of interesting and valuable accounts of how some of the most important inventions came about, which are now so familiarly in use that to young people they seem always to have existed. These are connected and brought up to date by running commentaries upon them from the fresh thoughts of the bright young people who make the social circle into which they are gathered, after the same plan as the other books of the same series.

DANTE'S "DIVINE COMEDY".

THE Study Class of the St. Paul Unity Club is going to follow Dante to the under and the over worlds this winter. They will probably allow us to copy their journey-map for the sake of other UNITY travelers who may be tempted to follow them. The descent certainly looks easy and pleasant, as they have engineered it. At the end we print their rules of the road, well fitted to bring the traveler safely through. Each meeting has its "essay", its "reading" and its "discussion", the writer, the reader and the "guide" in the discussion being named.

1. *Essay*—Sketch of Dante's Life.
Reading—Inferno, I, II.
2. *Essay*—Italy in the 13th Century—Rise and Power of the Republics.
Reading—Inferno, III, IV, V.
3. *Essay*—Europe Contemporary with Dante.
Reading—Inferno, VI, XII, XIV.
4. *Essay*—Mediæval Cosmology—Dante's View of Nature.
Reading—Inferno, XVII, XXI, XXV, XXVI.
5. *Essay*—Mediæval Theology, Scholasticism—Dante's Religious Ideas and Philosophy.

Reading—Inf., XXVIII, XXXIII, XXXIV.

6. *Essay*—The Papacy and the Empire in the Middle Ages—Dante's Politics.
Reading—Purgatorio, I, II, III.
 7. *Essay*. Chivalry—Mediæval Estimate of Woman—Mariolatry.
Reading—Purgatorio, VI, VII, VIII, IX.
 8. *Essay*—Mediæval Art—Cimabue and Giotto.
Reading—Purgatorio, XII, XXI, XXII, XXVII.
 9. *Essay*—Virgil—his Place in Mediæval Thought—his Relation to Dante.
Reading—Purgatorio, XXVIII, XXIX, XXX.
 10. *Essay*—Beatrice—her Real and her Symbolic Relation to Dante.
Reading—Purgatorio, XXXI, XXXII, XXXIII.
 11. *Essay*—Poets Contemporary with Dante.
Reading—Paradiso, II, V, VI, VII.
 12. *Essay*—Dante's Presence in and Influence upon Literature and Art.
Reading—Paradiso, X, XI, XII.
 13. *Essay*—Dante's Part in the National Development of Italy.
Reading—Paradiso, XVIII, XIX, XXIII, XXIV.
 14. *Essay*—Comparison of Milton with Dante.
Reading—Paradiso, XXVII, XXVIII, XXIX, XXX.
 15. *Essay*—The Divine Comedy as an Allegory of Human Life.
Reading—Paradiso, XXXI, XXXII, XXXIII.
- Meetings*—Begin promptly at 8 o'clock P. M.; close at 10 o'clock P. M.
- Members*—Study at home. Be sure to read carefully the cantos omitted from the programme. Be prompt in attendance at the meetings. Bring note books. Take part in the discussions. Let the meetings show products rather than processes of work.
- Essayists*—Do not exceed thirty minutes. Illustrate as much as possible from Dante's works. Connect your essays closely with Dante and with the poem.
- Readers*—Select from the designated cantos not more than a twenty minutes' reading. Use Longfellow's translation.
- Guides*—Familiarize yourselves with your several cantos; with the history, biography, mythology, theology, etc., in them. In particular, prepare yourselves to interpret difficult and obscure passages. You are expected to be the authorities in the discussions.
- Works of Reference*—are to be obtained for the use of the class. The following translations are recommended for comparison with Longfellow's translation: Cary's, Parsons's, Wright's, J. A. Carlyle's (*Inferno*), Dugdale's (*Purgatorio*). The "Notes" and "Illustrations" to Longfellow's translation are a compendious commentary upon the poem. The following named works will be found especially helpful in the study: Botta's *Dante*, Miss Rossetti's *A Shadow of Dante*, D. G. Rossetti's *Dante and his Circle*, Rossetti's *Early Italian Poets*, Symonds's *Introduction to the Study of Dante*, Norton's *Vita Nuova*, P. H. Wicksteed's *Six Sermons*, Mrs. Oliphant's *Makers of Florence*. Read also Lowell's, Carlyle's and Macaulay's essays on Dante.

Announcements.

The Subscription price of UNITY is \$1.50 per annum, payable in advance. Single copies 5 cents.

The date on the address label indicates the time to which the subscription is paid.

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CHICAGO CALENDAR.

THIRD CHURCH, corner Monroe and Laflin streets. Sermon at 10:45 morning, by the pastor, Rev. J. V. Blake; Subject, Religion and Morals. Sunday-school at 12:15. Longfellow class Wednesday evening, November 11, at 8 o'clock. Teachers' meeting, Monday evening, November 9, at 7:30. Choir meeting, Saturday evening, November 14, at 7:30.

ALL SOULS CHURCH, corner Oakwood boulevard and Ellis avenue. Minister, Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones; residence, 200 1/2 Thirty-seventh street. Sunday, November 8, service at 10:45 A. M. Mr. Jones's subject will be "The Spiritual Poverty of the Prosperous Classes". The Browning Section of the Unity Club will meet at the parsonage Monday evening, November 9, at 8 P. M. Programme.—A paper by Miss M. L. Dunning; subject, "The Inn Album", and a conversational study on Book II. of "The Ring and the Book". Teachers' meeting, Friday evening, November 13.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH, corner of Michigan avenue and Twenty-third street.

Minister, Rev. David Utter; residence, 13 Twenty-second street. Service begins promptly at 10:45 A. M., Sunday-school promptly at 12:15. The Ladies' Industrial and Benevolent Society meets every Friday at 10 A. M. The Industrial School holds a Saturday morning session—teachers needed. Sunday, November 8, Mr. Utter's Sunday morning subject will be "The Doctrine of the Atonement, or the Work of Christ, from a Unitarian Standpoint."

UNITY CHURCH, corner Dearborn avenue and Walton place. Sunday, November 8, service at 10:45 morning. Sermon by Rev. C. W. Wendte. Sunday-school at 12:10.

UNION TEACHERS' MEETING, Monday noon, November 9, at the Channing club room, 135 Wabash avenue, Rev. David Utter, leader.

REV. JOHN S. BROWN, of Lawrence, Kansas, desires to acknowledge through UNITY the receipt of the following sums sent in aid of his post-office mission work:

| | |
|---|--------------|
| Miss Hannah E. Stevenson, Boston..... | \$2 00 |
| Mrs. Margaret S. Curtis, "..... | 2 00 |
| Z. P. Galvin, Philadelphia..... | 1 00 |
| B. W. Woodward, Lawrence, Kansas..... | 1 00 |
| Capt. E. O. Coleman, Kanwaka, Kansas..... | 25 |
| | <hr/> \$6 25 |

BOOKS RECEIVED.

All books sent us for review by publishers will be promptly acknowledged under this head and will receive as soon as practicable such further notice as the interests of our readers and the state of our columns may warrant.

| | |
|---|--------|
| Evolution and Religion. Part I. By Henry Ward Beecher. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert. 8vo. Pamphlet, pp. 145..... | 50 |
| Hyperaesthesia. A Novel. By Mary Cruger. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert. Cloth, pp. 400..... | \$1 00 |
| Bryant and His Friends. By James Grant Wilson. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert. Cloth, pp. 443..... | \$2 00 |

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LEND A HAND will contain careful abstracts of the important reports and other documents of the State Institutions, and of our best private charitable organizations. It will give such accounts of work in Europe on the same lines as may be of value here. It will discuss,—within reasonable limits,—new plans. But it is devoted to description of what has succeeded rather than to projects which are uncertain. The editors are assured of the co-operation of writers of distinction specially interested in the more important charity organizations. Special attention will be given to the work of the Wadsworth Club and Look Up Legions, the Charity Organizations, the National Temperance League, and the Indian Associations.

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